



# SATURDAY NIGHT

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## Things in General.

SO far as the crop outlook foreshadows the continuance of good times or the approach of bad ones, it is safe to say that Canada is not in immediate danger of an industrial set-back. In Ontario, though the continuous rains have done much harm, this is certain to be a more than average year for the farmer, provided there is a continuance of the fine weather of the last few days. In Manitoba and the North-West there has never been anything like the outlook for a tremendous yield of grain that is reported from all points this season. In this connection the Manitoba "Free Press" has issued a special illustrated "crop" supplement which is "good reading" for any Canadian. The great difficulty will be to handle and save such an enormous amount of grain as now covers the great wheat belt of the prairies. The wheat yield of Manitoba and the Territories in 1901 was approximately 63,176,000 bushels. This year the Territorial Government estimate a crop of fourteen and a half million bushels in its jurisdiction, and the "Free Press," which is more conservative in its figures, estimates thirteen millions as the yield of the Territories, against 12,673,000 bushels last year. As for Manitoba, there are about thirty thousand more acres under wheat this year than last, and as the conditions have so far been equally favorable there ought to be a considerably larger thresh than in 1901, and consequently a greater surplus for export. Oats, barley and flax are also important crops in the West, though wheat in king. Altogether the outlook is a pleasing one and flattering to the pride of Canadians in the potentialities of the great heritage which is theirs.

WHEN the "Globe" becomes ambiguous it is the habit of the careful reader of that paper to try to discover if there is a "hen on." With regard to Mr. Tarte the "Globe" seeks to be careful in the expression of its views, and this seeking to be careful makes us universally unable to tell whether it approves or disapproves of what Mr. Tarte has been so cheerfully promising the people who live up the Western lakes. The article in Monday's paper has a note of disapproval which we must all recognize. The organ of the party is evidently warning the Minister of Public Works that he is doing something or promising something which is evidently not the policy of the "Globe" or the Dominion Government. We must

else who is entirely separated from us in sympathy and personal achievement. If the Imperial sentiment is to grow it must grow along lines of general personal advantage; if the Empire idea is to be more than a mere phrase it, too, must ripen somewhere in the neighborhood of personal self-interest. The idea that there is only one person in the Empire who is to be blessed and for whom everyone has to sing "God save him," is quite effete. The people of this Empire desire all of them to be blessed and in their tuneless moments are more apt to pray "God save the people" than "God save the King." If we recognize this we will probably get along very nicely. If we do not recognize this, the probabilities are that we will be out of harmony in our singing before the Empire chorus is distributed.

THE "Telegram," which cannot be considered a wise adviser in municipal matters, proceeds to give advice in the good old-fashioned way of one who knows how to tell others how to act. With this attitude I can take no serious objection, for advice is a good thing, no matter whether we take it or not. On Saturday it told us that the returned soldiers had a right to wear their khaki till the garments were worn out. I do not know how it affects other people, but it does not seem pleasant to meet returned soldiers who are parading the fact that they were on the battlefield or proposed to go there if the war had been prolonged. Men have a right to wear anything they like on the streets of Toronto, but it does not seem to me appropriate for those who have been hailed as heroic sons of Canada to parade their South African uniform in Toronto bars. Of course, as the "Telegram" says, a man has a right to do as he likes. If he considers it necessary or profitable to proclaim himself an ass he has a right to do so. Those who observe the niceties of war and peace do not like to see these things. The cruel war is over—God be praised for the peaceful result—and we do not like to see those who refuse to exchange their khaki for overalls endeavoring to

will eclipse anything he has heretofore done. There is some fear amongst the friends of Upper Canada College that Dr. Parkin's acceptance of the new office means his severance from the college at an early date. The fear is probably only too well founded, but if a new principal must be sought out, he will find the college in a much better position than ever before, and though he will have a hard man to follow he will have the advantage of working upon the splendid foundations of discipline and organization which Dr. Parkin has laid.

THE whole western half of English-speaking America seems to be considering as it has not done before the merits of protection. Perhaps few States in the Union are as intensely protectionist as California, and from one of the papers published on the Pacific Coast I clip a paragraph the logic in which may not be as strong as the words, but which thoroughly expresses what appears to be the general revolt in sentiment against every discussion of every question which involves that section of the protective tariff esteemed by the Western farmer and planter:

"In the East they manufacture goods, but do not grow sugar beets. They eat sugar, however, and like to get it cheap. They manufacture goods, and like to sell them dear. Therefore they want us Western farmers to let the Cuban sugar come in free, so that they may get it cheaper, and sell to the Cubans their goods dearer. They care nothing for the Western beet-sugar farmer. It is the Cuban cane-sugar farmer for whom they have such bowels of compassion. Yet Pharisaic journals like the New York 'Tribune' are weeping crocodile tears over 'the West's indifference to Cuba's misfortunes.' Through their subsidized journals, the Eastern manufacturers, those sordid hucksters, are yapping and yowling over the selfishness of the Western farmer. So fish! The meanest farmer that ever lived: the kind of farmer who sells his fresh eggs and makes his family eat hen capsules packed in sawdust; the kind of farmer who

we have paper money let us have it clean and never of the type which is so frequently issued when a pay cheque is sent in where cash has to be handled. It is a villainous and altogether objectionable feature of our banking system, and the small bills issued by the Dominion Government are probably the worst evidences of a lack of care in this respect which can be found anywhere.

IF there is any truth in the stories from Berlin via Paris about the German Crown Prince and the young Yankee girl, Miss Gladys Deacon, His Imperial Majesty has discovered that managing an empire is a small order compared with directing an impressionable but headstrong son. Of course it may be that the Crown Prince, who is now twenty years of age, knows his own heart, and would rather have a pretty wife of his own choosing than the mingled glories and burdens of the imperial crown. But the odds are that if he made such a choice now he would bitterly repent it later on. The love of a youth of twenty can generally be classed as mere puppy love which will soon give way to some other attachment, and it is quite possible that Prince Frederick William is as much the victim of the wiles of an ambitious and designing young female "bouncer" as he is the chivalrous hero of a genuine love affair. The daughters of wealthy Yankees have made so many famous catches in the waters of European aristocracy that no fish seems too big for their ambition and self-estimation. It is not surprising if one of these nifty propositions from the land of the free has actually had the assurance to picture herself as the future Empress of Germany.

THE United States press tells of a spreading revolt against prohibition in the New England States. In this province very little interest is being taken in the approaching referendum except by that section of the temperance party which might almost be described as "the machine." But as the day for taking the vote approaches, the public will doubtless be stirred up and the experiences through which they are passing in New England will have some significance in Ontario. All through the New England States there is said to be a disposition to favor less drastic liquor laws, and in Vermont the question has become a well-defined issue. In that State Percival W. Clement entered the contest for the Republican nomination for Governor, contending for the repeal of the prohibition law, and the enactment in its stead of a high license, local



recognize the fact that Mr. Tarte cannot act as an individual and commit the country to millions of dollars of expenditure in deepening the French River that the C.P.R. shall have a port at that point. One becomes curious to know whether other Cabinet Ministers are acting on the individual initiative as Mr. Tarte appears to be doing. If this is the case, we are certainly standing for wonderful investments which represent no part of a unit and will consequently be defensible on no other ground than individual initiative. Of course a government cannot be conducted on this wide plan of each individual doing what he sees fit without regard to the views of those who are with him or above him. Mr. Tarte is an interesting personage, a politician of no mean order, but that he is to be permitted to do as he pleases, if the "Globe" is correct, in his own department, deserves explanation. It is the inability of his colleagues or his own exceeding skill in the handling of public works. That he is to do as he likes is an assumption of preponderance which the people of this country are not willing to accept. That he is not to be permitted to do as he likes may furnish a very large subject of difference with his colleagues which we are quite willing to hear explained. In the meantime, it seems to those who take a dispassionate view of the situation that Mr. Tarte should act as one of a body of men who are not governing this country individually, but as a whole. If Mr. Tarte is to govern this country by himself he ought to be Premier; if he is merely a member of the Cabinet he should act as such. There seem to be no two ways of arguing a question which has so definite a solution.

THE Coronation is over, King Edward has been crowned. It does not seem a very important business to those of us who are struggling to make a living without any crowns or without having a very distinct relation to those who wear them. I have been for twelve or fourteen years intimately connected with advocating Imperial subjects, and they have interested me very greatly, but I have never known a time when there was so little interest manifested by those who act as the mere subjects of a king, as at present. The thing has been overworked. It is quite possible that the King does not understand this. But looking at it purely from the standpoint of one who tries to provide entertaining reading to probably as good a class of readers as there is in America, I feel quite sure that a great majority of readers are not in sympathy with Coronation articles and that variety of stuff which is furnished regarding people in high places who are supposed to wear metal headgear. The operation for appendicitis we can appreciate because we are all liable to suffer that; the wearing of things on the head which are uncomfortable and do not belong there we do not sympathize with, simply because we do not expect to be so ornamented. The sooner the thing is dropped the better for Imperial sentiment and that Empire impulse which was so strong a little while ago. Our interest in an individual must necessarily be so slight, considering the vast number of individuals who inhabit the British-speaking section of the world, that an excitement with regard to any one person cannot be sustained except for a very little while. Particularly in the colonies is this sort of thing very evanescent. We can only stand it momentarily. When somebody insists upon the thing being kept up week in and week out we become tired of it. Fortunately for the entertainment and contentment of the human race God made many things for us to think of, and the majority of them are connected with our own families, with the making of a living for ourselves, and thus we become wearied when we are asked to think about somebody

prolong it for their own sake. Those who are wise will get back to work and not linger superfluous on the stage dressed as people who are looking for trouble instead of so much per week. Among its many mistakes I think the "Telegram" is advising these boys very improperly. The chief thing that we expect of them now is to disappear into the great class of wage-earners as men who devoted themselves to war when there was war on, and now recognize the fact that they have to join the army of peace when peace is on.

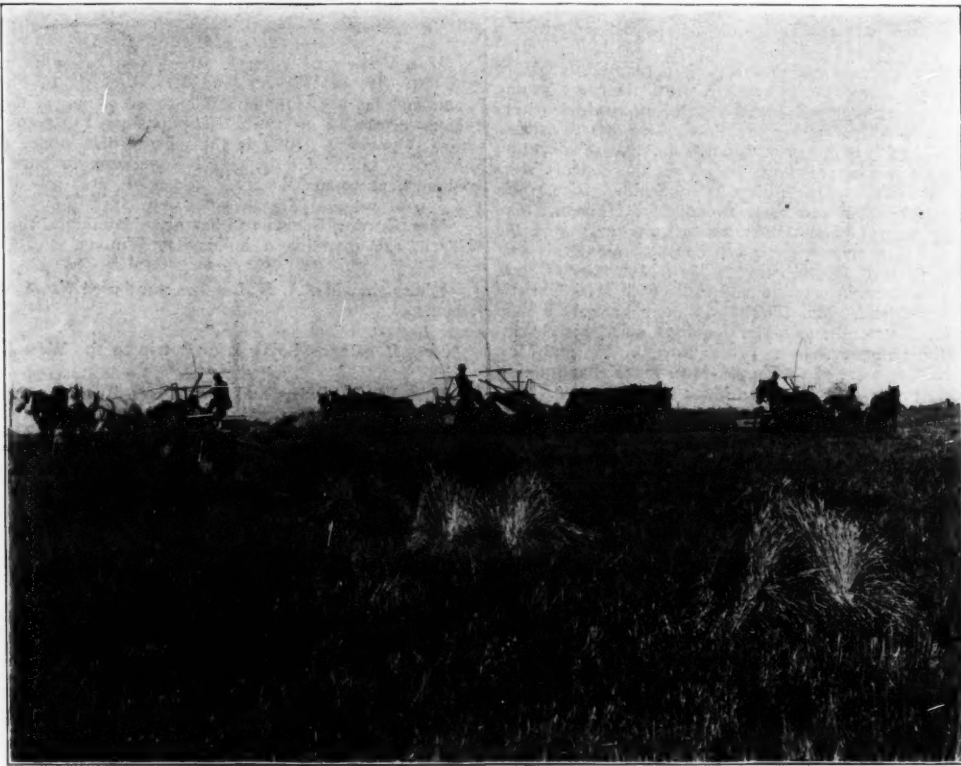
AT the time when the Toronto "World" was making itself ridiculous by its well-meant but misdirected efforts to lionize Joshua Sanford, the "Man in the Well," I hazarded the opinion that the crowd that hung around the bulletin boards and trembled over the newspaper reports might yet throw eggs and cabbages at its hero when its mood had changed. Things have not come to as bad a pass as that, yet the way popular excitement and enthusiasm in such matters evaporate is shown by the fact that at the presentation of Humane Society medals to Sanford's rescuers at Paris on Wednesday, only three hundred persons could be drummed up to attend. Considering the intense interest all Ontario took in the dramatic occurrences on the Skelley farm, barely six weeks ago, and remembering how the roads in that locality were channels along which veritable streams of humanity poured from all directions to the scene of the well-digging operations, there is room for comment on the inherent fickleness of the crowd, in the fact that so few of those same people now evince the slightest concern in either Sanford or his rescuers. While the latter have been made the recipients of life-savers' medals, the well-digger himself has been brought to a Toronto sanitarium—a physical and nervous if not also a mental wreck, and, worse still, a mere dependent on the means of another for the treatment and care that are necessary if he is to have any chance of recovering his health and equilibrium. It is characteristic of all our methods in dealing with such matters that while we gladly embrace the opportunity to gratify our love of the melodramatic in bestowing honors on those who protest that they only did their duty without thought of reward, we leave the central figure, for whom all the sacrifices of these men were made, to take secondary place and to become a charge on the benevolence of well-disposed individuals.

DR. PARKIN is to be congratulated on the opportunity he will now have as organizer of the Rhodes scholarships to reach a higher plane of attainment than ever before, both as an educationist and a promoter of Anglo-Saxon unity. It is not every man who finds the way opened up for such large accomplishment in line with all the former activities of his life. If Dr. Parkin can organize the Rhodes scholarships on a practicable and lasting basis, his fame as an educational authority of the first magnitude will be assured for all time, and his services to the British Empire

separates the cream from his milk, sells it to the creamery, and makes his wife and children worry along on skimmed milk; the kind of farmer who makes his help live on salt pork and grease their boots with the rind—that kind of a farmer is free-handed, lavish, spendthrift, generous-hearted, compared with the average selfish Eastern huckster who manufactures things cheap, sells them dear, who is all the time trying to keep a high tariff on his wooden nutmegs, a low tariff on Western farm products, and prates continually of 'national honor,' 'philanthropy,' 'the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man'—and the necessity of keeping up the price of wooden nutmegs. Faugh! Out upon such sordid cattle! They make a decent man sick. If we of the West hear much more of their yapping, we will agree to some tariff changes. But if we do, they will be sweeping ones, and our highly protected shopkeeping Eastern friends will get it where the chicken got the axe."

THE Canadian Manufacturers' Association is out with a strong demand for higher protection. The Western agriculturist is stubbornly opposed to any increase in the tariff. How the conflicting views of these two sections of the Canadian people are to be reconciled it is difficult to say. The problem reminds one of the old question as to what would happen if an irresistible force should encounter an immovable object. Probably the tariff will remain much as it is.

THE other day a letter from the Yukon brought a subscription to "Saturday Night" which was peculiar inasmuch as of the two one dollar bills contained in the communication, one was the most fetid and dilapidated "promise to pay" which the Government ever issued. No doubt it is hard to get decent bank bills in so far away a locality, or the letter, which came from a lady, would not have contained so villainous a fragment of Government paper. The odor of the bill was enough to drive one into a glue factory for relief. The clerks to whom the money was passed handled it with pincers, and it was put in an envelope and at once sent to the Deputy Receiver-General for redemption. I confess that I went to the lavatory and washed my hands after touching it. This condition of affairs should not continue. Cleanly and decipherable bills should alone be re-issued by the Government or the banks. Of course their interest is to keep their bills and such bills as they handle in circulation until they are destroyed, a considerable portion of their profit presumably arising out of the spoilage of the paper in circulation. No dirty bills should ever be re-issued. The soiled linen of commerce should go at once to the institution whose name it bears for redemption. For instance, when a Dominion bill which is not bright and clean goes to a bank it should be sent to the Government to be replaced by a clean note. When the bill of another bank which has been worn in the pocket and become unsanitary is entered for deposit, no matter in what branch of any other bank, it should never be re-issued. If



THE GREAT HARVEST IN CANADA'S WESTERN WHEAT BELT.  
(SCENES NEAR MINNEDOSA, MANITOBA.)



option law. The convention met him half way on his platform, adopting a proposition to submit a local option law to the people. But General McCullough was nominated, and now Mr. Clement has bolted, taking the nomination of the Vermont Local Option League. His issue, so far as his candidacy is concerned, has been spoiled for him by the adoption of the local option resolution by the Republican convention. What is specially interesting and significant is the implied confession that even the Vermont Republicans, numerous and changeless as they are, do not dare to risk their chances of carrying the State by contending for the maintenance of prohibition pure and simple.

THE youth whose mysterious disappearance this week has given a new lease of life to the so-called "warehouse mystery," which the newspapers have so assiduously exploited, is said to have been addicted to the dime novel habit. The dime novel is lodged in as the key to many a case of juvenile delinquency which perhaps might be explained on other grounds. Down in New Brunswick the other day a boy of sixteen shot a companion aged seventeen, and the dime novel was assigned as the cause of the crime. Dime novel reading amongst boys may be a harmless habit or a dangerous vice. It largely depends on the boy. Many a man who is now an ornament to the community has survived the "Old Sleuth" period of his adolescence without any particular warping of his morals or his ideals. I venture to say there are hundreds of prosperous and steady-going business and professional men in Toronto who would confess to having read blood and thunder stories of the Beadle's Library type in their boyhood. The weak-minded, the ill-trained or the youth with an already vicious tendency is the one who is likely to be hurt by highly seasoned literature of this type. A boy with a poor moral fibre or a deficiency of imagination may not grow away from the dime novel and the ideas it sets forth, but the strong-minded and those who are fitted to encounter the varied experiences of life will survive this sort of reading with but little harm to themselves, just as they survive mumps and whooping-cough. Parents should know what food their children are feeding their imaginations upon. The dime novel has doubtless done a good deal of harm, but to attribute every ebullition of juvenile viciousness to this source is a mistake.

A BELGIAN writer in a recent article in the "Revue Generale" declares that the women of the United States are a ruin to business in their own land and a menace to industrial and commercial Europe. He writes: "In America, women are now practicing several professions which in former times were practiced solely by men," and he gives the following statistics, showing that the United States contained:

	In 1870.	In 1890.
Actresses	995	3,919
Women architects	1	22
Women painters and sculptors	412	10,810
Women authors	159	7,725
Women preachers	66	1,235
Women scientists	24	337
Women engineers	0	127
Women journalists	35	888
Women legislators	5	208
Women doctors and surgeons	527	4,555
Women officeholders	414	4,875
Women bookkeepers	0	27,777

Some of these figures are rather astonishing and it would be interesting to have the statistics for 1900, which



would show whether the ratio of increase from 1870 to 1890 is still being kept up. In view of the facts as conveyed in the comparison as far as it goes, it is to be wondered at that many women find themselves without husbands after the eligible period, or that so many men hesitate to marry and share what is sufficient to provide comfortably for one with a girl who has perhaps been earning as much or nearly as much by her own efforts? It may be accepted as true that very few men earn so little as to be incapable of taking care of a wife and family, but a great many men cannot earn as much as would be necessary to give a clever woman the same degree of comfort as she may win by remaining single. It is a question admitting of a good deal of debate whether the woman who has earned her own livelihood or the one who has never done so is likely to make the better helpmeet for a man earning an average salary. The invasion of "man's sphere," so called, by women has operated to postpone marriage in two ways: It has probably tended first of all to lower wages or to keep them below the point which they otherwise would have reached, because women as a rule will render the same service for less money than men, and this has made it somewhat more difficult for men of a certain class to find employment; and in the second place the consciousness of independence has made women less eager than formerly to marry in order to secure homes. In so far as these causes have operated to prevent improvident marriages, their influence has not been unwholesome, but if they have had the effect of postponing matrimony till either the desire to marry is gone or the age of eligibility has passed, their effect upon individuals and upon society at large must have been evil.

I have often wondered what became of all the women in times past—say a century ago—before it was considered even as a remote possibility that a petticoat should appear at a desk or behind a counter. Were there any old maids in those days, and if so how were they provided for? It is inconceivable that they all, without exception, married, and yet there were few if any occupations open to women who were unfortunate enough to be not only without husbands, but without a competence. Probably the vast majority of them became seamstresses and eked out a pitiful existence by unremitting slavery, as eloquently portrayed in Tom Hood's immortal "Song of the Shirt." If such was the case, the present estate of the unmarried woman is incomparably better than it was in the past. And yet it is generally recognized and admitted that the increasing employment of women in the trades and professions, as operatives of machinery and in clerical positions, constitutes a danger to society. But it is one of those economic tendencies which we seem powerless to stem, and the very evils it engenders seem to aggravate the conditions from which they proceed. The man who complains that female labor has ruined his occupation is probably willing enough that his own girls should work in some store or factory or as stenographers. Indeed, he is likely to plead that he is obliged to send them out to help themselves. Thus does the world sometimes seem to be in the grip of blind forces for which no one can be held responsible and which work out their own processes to ends not foreseen and incapable of being provided against.

ENCOURAGEMENT—or rather the failure to provide it—is now being estimated by the leading newspapers and magazines as so important a matter that it deserves more than passing consideration. Everyone who has passed along the road of life without distinctly favorable surroundings must have recognized the fact that in a few instances a helping hand would have done much to have made a career which under strenuous conditions became a failure. It is hard to do right and persist in it if there is no encouraging voice or approving eye to keep one in the straight path. The natural impulse of those who succeed is to give one the elbow in the ribs rather than to reach out a friendly hand-clasp and help the sore-footed wayfarer over the rocks. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the man or woman who is always looking for encouragement and who is tempted to do the right thing only because it pays, is a poor element in a community. The everlasting story of those who think they have been misunderstood is a wearisome one. People who are misunderstood and have failed to receive encouragement, as a rule are those who, while apparently walking or running in one direction, have had an idea that they have been pursuing something which onlookers should have recognized though it lay in an entirely different path. Many people may have had high ideals while they have deceived spectators by grovelling after small things. Naturally one's conduct and what one has seemed to place high as a matter of achievement, must decide those who are witnessing the struggle as to what is desired by the struggler, though he may think he is under-rated.

The idea of encouraging people and of developing their latent ambitions is a good one, but I can hardly see how it can be worked out. Without doubt, by look and voice and hand-clasp we can make people feel that we are interested in them and rob those who struggle to towards the heights of that feeling of loneliness which doubtless oppresses everybody. But any organized system of encouragement is apt to enervate rather than strengthen. More people have been made strong by defeat than by success. The necessity of giving out all we have, not necessarily with a hope of immediate reward or gratitude, builds a character not only adapted to the battle of life, but to the immediate necessities of the hour. Many people have apparently gone sour because they were not encouraged; because the world as they found it refused to recognize them as either prophet, priest or king. Had these people received what in a literary sense is being advocated in the nature of encouragement, it is quite possible that they would have got big head and gone "batty" in some other direction. It is exceedingly dangerous to encourage the trivial, or trivial things will be exalted into importance and frivolous persons given a position in life undeserved. Probably the safest rule is to always encourage all good things and all good people which have or who have the betterment of mankind in view. It may seem hard to make a selection where so much that is selfish and so much that is purely theoretical are offered, but our own impulses and our tendency to side with those who seem to be doing what we would like to do are better than many theories or any academic organization to take by the arm unformed people who may get out of step and trip us up.

#### Social and Personal.

CORONATION DAY was one of those perfect days which the clerk of the weather has sandwiched between many gloomy and impossible ones this season. True, it was a trifle cool for August, and coats were grateful accessories to a midsummer toilet, but the air was limpidly pure and the sun shone his very brightest. Down town all was indecision; to be or not to be a holiday seemed the question. There were decorations here and there, a particularly smart effort being made by Dunlop, whose floral crown and window of royal purple and white asters attracted much attention. There is no romance about an aster, but it is an ideal flower for solid bands of color in design, and the graceful crown was very much admired. The only social "function" on the tapis was the garden party, Coronation dinner, and fireworks, which made a long six hours' enjoyment at the Yacht Club. The garden party guests found a crowd of "summer men" on the bowling green when they arrived, and very nice and jolly they looked in their white suits and all the earnestness and enthusiasm of a match. The green is an ideal one, and never looked better than it does now, for the cool rainy summer has preserved to August the foliage coloring of June. The Queen's Own band was stationed in the far corner of the lawn and played all the afternoon. The balconies of the Yacht Club house were crowded with tea parties. Mr. and Mrs. Plumb had the central table, with Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis and Mrs.

Stewart Houston, who looked particularly well in a smart white gown and white plumed hat, and has much enjoyed her visit in England. Mrs. Plumb charms everyone who meets her and on Coronation Day she was most happy as hostess to the cosy little party, and afterwards with Mr. Plumb at their pretty dinner. Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, in a handsome black gown and toque, and looking very bright and well, came with Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House, and the party remained for dinner and the fireworks. Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hulme of Dawson were smart guests. Others on the balcony and strolling about were: Mr. and Mrs. Morang, Mrs. and Miss Heaven, Mr. Harman, Mr. Walker and a party who remained for dinner—in fact, so many decided to enjoy the whole time at the club that the utmost resources of the cuisine and staff were called into requisition. The fireworks were very fine and the launch carried the guests safely over without discomfort at the close of the evening. There were many loyal sentiments expressed toward the King and Queen, for the Yacht Club is specially honored by the patronage of His Majesty and its members are conscious of their distinction.

Mr. Donald's pretty home, Ardloch, in Hooper avenue, was snapped on Coronation Day, while its loyal owner was running up flags and hanging out Chinese lanterns for the celebration of the crowning of King Edward. Mr. Donald is an enthusiastic Islander, and always to the fore



in any scheme for improving the Island and brightening the season in Toronto's watery suburb. His own residence is perfect in its way, and he has even set out flower beds and rockeries in the avenue in which it is situated. Montrose, the next house, was also built by Mr. Donald, who named his two places after the Scotch towns as above.

On Monday evening the R.C.Y.C. fortnightly dance was unusually nice, there being less of the very young members present than usual, and a lot of interesting visitors in town. I wonder whether the Yacht Club has a visitors' book; if so, and it is in active use, it has a diverse collection of notables this year. Prominent among the dancers were the two demiselles De Villiers from South Africa, their big stalwart brother and their friend, Mr. Hobson. The slim swart figures of the Boer ladies quite suggested the graceful Southerners who so often come to us at this season. One of such, by the way, is Mrs. Matthews of Arkansas, who was again a guest, and came with Miss Christie and another friend. Mr. Charlie Goldman brought a man friend, Mr. Simmonds, and Mr. Jennings dined his charming trio, the Langworthys and Miss Powell. Mr. and Mrs. Jack MacKellar were at the dance, Mrs. MacKellar looking particularly pretty in a white and black summer gown. Mrs. Orde (nee Thompson) was very handsome in pink. Mrs. Angus Sinclair brought her young daughter, a graceful girl, and Miss Pauline Barrett and Miss Hemdard, a charming Southern blonde, with her fiancé, were of the party. The Commodore was on hand, as popular as the youngest and smartest beau. Miss Leila McDonnell looked unusually charming. Mrs. Bert Massey was very pretty and Mrs. Arthur Massey in her usual quiet dainty white frock was also looking very well after her trip to Muskoka. The cool evening which drove all the chaperones in a flock to the east balcony to avoid the western breezes was just right for the dancers, a lovely pair of whom were Mrs. Ross Gooderham in a lovely gown and Miss McNaught, whom I never saw looking better. Petite Miss Dottie Lamont had one of those most fetching scarlet golf coats over her dainty white frock. Miss Kathleen Massey of New York was a much admired belle. Mr. Campbell of Philadelphia came with Mrs. H. C. and Miss Macleod. Miss Trees looked very pretty and bright and little Miss McMurich, in a pale blue veil striped with white and a quail white toque with a heron's plume across the front, was quite the prettiest of the young things. Mr. Kirk Christie, who is spending his vacation in town, was a welcome guest.

Mrs. Victor Williams and her little daughter are going down to spend some time with Mrs. F. Clifford Sutton, who recently came out from England and is with Mr. Justice and Madame Routhier, her parents, at their summer place near Murray Bay.

The marriage of Miss Marion Sarah Macleod, daughter of Mr. H. C. Macleod of 130 St. George street, and Mr. Charles Morazain Manning of Fredericton, takes place at twelve o'clock next Wednesday in St. James' Square Presbyterian Church. Although the ceremony is to be very quiet, there are to be all the beautiful accessories which would mark a wedding celebration by many scores of guests. The church decorations will be white and pink. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Gandier, is to officiate, and Mr. Alex. T. Davies has arranged the music for the service and will preside at the organ. The bride and groom will take the Saguenay trip as part of their tour, and will reside in St. John. During a residence of but a few years in Toronto, Miss Macleod has gained some very warm friends, her superior tone of mind and personal charm having appealed to all who have had the pleasure of meeting her. Best wishes will follow her to her home in the East when she leaves Toronto.

Mrs. Cecil Lee and her little daughter Violet are the guests of Mrs. Willie Crowther at Fairview, Muskoka.

Miss Edith Lockhart of Spadina avenue is home from Boston on her vacation. Miss Beatrice Lockhart is visiting Mrs. James Crowther in Cobourg.

Miss Edith McArthur, who has been in Europe for nine months, is at Old Orchard with Mrs. and Miss McArthur.

Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, sister of Lord Dundonald, arrived out on the "Lake Champlain" last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McWhinney of London have come to Toronto to reside. They have taken up house in Albany avenue. Miss Bathia McWhinney is with them.

The engagement of Miss Alice Kemp, elder daughter of Mr. Kemp, M.P., and Mr. Scott Waldie is announced.

Mr. Will Barker has accepted a position with the Canadian and Jamaica merchant service, and leaves town on Tuesday for Halifax to take his ship.

Miss Leonore Mae Foster, who has been spending some of her vacation with her family in Bloor street west, asked a few friends to tea last Friday and gave them the pleasure of seeing how well New York has agreed with her. In an

artistic clinging white gown, touched with gold, Miss Foster was a picture of sweet young womanhood as she passed from group to group of friends with gentle welcome and bright remarks. Mrs. Foster, in a white and black silk gown, and Miss Daisy in a becoming pale blue frock, were most kind and thoughtful hostesses. It was one of the cosy little teas that even men confess they enjoy, and there were a few nice men at it. Mrs. Sydney Lee poured tea.

Among the Coronation visitors in London who have enjoyed the gayeties and have been much admired are those popular ladies, Mrs. and Miss Leverich, who are looking very well and happy.

Dr. and Mrs. Casgrain of Windsor have been at the Coronation and enjoyed a visit in England. They are now on the Continent.

Colonel Gordon, who has returned to Montreal from South Africa, has been re-appointed D.O.C. and is settled in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Ritchie of Parkdale have returned from Georgian Bay.

Dr. and Mrs. Spragge are going to Muskoka for a holiday.

Mr. W. Rein Wadsworth is going to Montreal next month to reside.

Miss Maud Cowan is visiting Mrs. E. R. C. Clarkson in Muskoka.

Colonel J. C. Macdougall has been removed from Fredericton, N.B., to Halifax.

Colonel and Mrs. Campbell of Argyle Place, Listowel, announce the engagement of their daughter Minnie to Mr. F. C. Williams of the Department of Public Institutions, Toronto. The marriage will take place about the end of September.

Miss Long of Jarvis street and Miss Hughes are guests at the Royal Muskoka for August.

Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson gave a dance at her summer home, Oakhurst, Sturgeon Point, on Friday evening last in honor of Miss Esther Goldie and the Misses Ella and Isabel Ryerson, who are staying with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Totten are en pension at Frewen House, Queen's Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald are leaving for the West Coast to-day.

Mrs. Vickers of Adelaide street west has gone with her son, Mr. W. W. Vickers, and Mrs. Vickers, to Fort William, and intends, I understand, to go as far as the Coast before returning to town. The perfume of orange blossoms is growing strong in the vicinity of a young member of Mrs. Vickers' family, and I hope soon to have an announcement to make.

Mrs. Gordon Brown and her granddaughters, the Misses Hercn, are spending a holiday at Winona.

I hear that Mr. A. B. Lee has purchased No. 8 Madison avenue.

Miss Constance Laing is on a trip to the West Coast.

Mrs. W. H. Burns and the Misses Burns are spending some time in Collingwood. Mrs. Wyatt is also in Collingwood. Miss Justina Harrison has been visiting Mrs. Lett in Collingwood, and is, I believe, expected home early next week.

Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn have been in Colborne for a fortnight and are expected home to-day. I was glad to hear that the change has been beneficial to Doctor Thorburn.

Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riordan have returned from a charming visit to friends in the Eastern States. I believe they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh. The doctor has had some fine fishing.

Mrs. Lett of Collingwood gave one of her charming teas yesterday in aid of the hospital, and the affair was most successful.

Mr. and Mrs. Stovel are spending the holidays in Muskoka.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, R.G., returned from England this week.

Mrs. G. P. Magann is at Murray Bay for a stay of some weeks.

#### Novelties in "Church Entertainment."

THE prediction was recently made by a sarcastic Western minister that the only way in which it would soon be possible to maintain an interest in church work in some places would be by means of "the continuous vaudeville." This statement has been accepted by some, not, of course, as literally true, but as aptly indicating certain conditions, and it has elicited considerable comment both jocular and caustic. The New York "Times," indeed, ventures to observe that "the stream of tendency seems to have set rather strongly in the direction of a fulfilment of this prophecy." It continues:

"Billiards, ping-pong, hops, amateur theatricals, secular concerts, legerdemain, charades, socials, fairs, suppers primarily for purposes of revenue, music of doubtful sacredness—if there is a dividing line between the sacred and secular in music; all of these have come to be recognized as adjuncts of more or less value in church work. The underlying idea seems to be to make the church an attractive social club, and thus bring within its sphere of influence many who value a church connection at the outset chiefly for the social opportunities it offers. It would be difficult to find a serious objection to this view of so much of the work of a church as may properly be considered secular. There may be a line which it would be dangerous to cross, but where it lies would probably be as difficult to define as is the Alaska boundary."

These remarks are emphasized by the fact that a New York church lately engaged a "young woman nineteen years old in a pure white dress" to give variety to the Sabbath devotions by whistling solos. It was no ordinary whistling according to press accounts, but the whistling of a finished musician. This is probably the first time that a woman's whistling was ever made part of the service in a church, and the event is made the subject of many sarcastic remarks. Another church novelty of a very different sort is reported from Washington, Ind., where one of the imaginative conceptions of the late Edward Bellamy has become a partial reality. Every church in the city has been furnished with a telephonic connection which enables those who desire to do so to listen to the church services in their homes.

"O'm descended from Brian Born, ma'am, O'd hove ye know," declared the haughty Mrs. FitzClancey. "Is that all, innade?" replied Mrs. Casey, the humble lady of the corner fruit stand; "faith, O'm a descendant of Eve, the first apple-woman."—Philadelphia "Press."



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### Social and Personal.

**T**HE Tuesday evening dances in the Hotel Hanlan ballroom are much appreciated by the guests of the hotel and the West End Islanders, who took the initiative a month ago in inaugurating them. Mr. Dunstan, Mr. Sowden and Mr. Darrell and other able committeemen have taken a great deal of trouble to make the dances popular and successful, and their success should encourage future effort to make our Island season the brightest anticipation of hundreds of summer visitors and residents. That the various dances are means of giving much pleasure to our visitors is evidenced by their pleasant compliments and comments. Anyone lingering near the secretary's table at the Yacht Club, West Islanders or Island Aquatic assembly-rooms may gauge the limit of Toronto's hospitality by such introductions to the secretary as follows: Mr. B. of Denver, Mr. C. of Memphis, Mr. D. of Natal, Mr. E. of Melbourne, Mr. F. of Dawson City, Mr. G. of Santiago, Mr. H. of Tallahassee, Mr. I. of Tokio, all of which places have contributed guests to the dances this week. On Tuesday evening the guest list included men and women from ocean to ocean—indeed, from all the oceans one knows, and the merry West Islanders gave them a very good time; the floor was almost too good, so polished is its condition. There was a very sweet young girl from Memphis, who was the recipient of much attention, and a bright young lady from Massachusetts, Miss Rice, who came with her hostess, Mrs. W. D. Lamont, who had a very good time. Mrs. Darrell looked very handsome in a dark costume, coin-spotted with white, and white picture hat. Mrs. Wedd was also a very pretty young matron. Mrs. Curran of Detroit was very handsome in dove-gray voile. Mrs. Dennis wore a very smart white frock, with black lace insertions. Some of the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Malphais of London, Eng., Mrs. R. E. Noble, Mr. C. Fred Somerville, Mr. John Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Miss Emily McWilliams, Mr. A. G. Slaght, Mr. Clarence Fletcher, Mr. Loeser, Mr. Walter Goldstein, Miss Madeline Carter, Miss Smith of Montreal, Miss McVittie, Mrs. W. O. Albert, Mr. Harry Ahen, Miss McVittie, Mr. and Mrs. Freysing, Mrs. Harry Darrell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Newton Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fisher, Mr. Harry Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sowden, Mr. George Merriek, Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart, Mr. William Henry, Mr. Percy Pennington, Mr. J. H. Elliott of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Pattison, Mrs. Wedd, Mrs. Ed Burrow, Mr. Theo. A. Lyon, Mrs. and Miss Fair, Mrs. A. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. McBride, Mr. Kempthorne, Mr. Carlyle, Miss McVittie, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Morat, Mr. Norman Bastedo, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dennis, Mr. E. M. Gray, Mr. George B. McKay, Mr. T. Jones, Miss Rutland, Mr. N. Jellett, Miss S. Flint, Mr. S. Gundry, Mrs. and Miss Butler, Mr. S. Meredith, Mr. Dunstan, Mr. E. Stanton, Miss McPhayden, Mr. R. S. Wilson, Mr. R. L. Kleiser, Mr. A. M. Scott, Mr. V. A. Scott, Mr. Milne, Mr. King, Miss Poole, Miss Turpin, Mr. Kilborne, Mr. Murdoch, Mrs. and Miss Knight, Mr. Lamprey, Mr. McKnight, Mr. J. S. Livingstone, Mr. H. E. Livingstone, Mrs. J. J. McCaffery, Mrs. Kyle of New York, Mrs. Davidson, Miss M. Trimble, Miss Edith Edwards, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mrs. Parmenter, Miss E. Parmenter, Mr. Frank McKendry, Mr. Bolton Reade, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lyon.

Mrs. Arthur Hindley of Cleveland, Mrs. Ashworth, Mr. McCord, Miss McKendry, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wedd, Mr. Church, Mr. Walter Lowden, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goldstein.

Mr. J. Bruce Broadfoot, Ph.M.B., of Guelph, has returned to Toronto from "Fern Lodge," Port Harvey, Egeon Lake, Kawartha, where he was visiting at the summer residence of Mrs. D. Hunter, Toronto. After spending a few days in the city he returned home.

Mr. Murray Hendrie and Mr. K. R. Marshall left town on Friday for Saratoga Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John MacKenzie announce the marriage of their eldest daughter, Kathleen, to Mr. Herbert E. Turner of Rat Portage. The ceremony took place at Port Arthur on Monday, August 11.

Miss E. May Martin is staying at Cooksville, where she is getting some very pretty sketches of this artistic place.

Mrs. George MacKenzie has rented the "Guy" cottage at Bala, and for the last two months, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Fred Moore, has led the sports in and about the beautiful bay on which the cottage is situated. Miss Violet Moore has just returned from Bala, much brighter and better in health for her three weeks' stay in that delightful district.

Messrs. J. A. Gimson, George Dewar and Percy Keys leave town today for a two weeks' fishing trip to Smooth Island, Georgian Bay, and the Parry Sound District.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor of Edgewater have left to spend a few weeks at Atlantic City, Boston and New York.

Miss Rieckel, from Cynthia, Ky., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. A. Land.

Mrs. Jasper Barry of "Rollstone" and her sons, Masters Gerald and Robbie Barry, visited Mrs. A. B. Barry of Spadina avenue on their way to England.

Miss H. McVean of Gerard street east, who has been summering at Kew Beach, has returned to the city.

Miss Rice of Massachusetts is visiting Mrs. Will Lamont at her summer place on the lake, West Island.

Mr. and the Misses De Villiers, of South Africa, and Mr. Hobson, who are making a world's tour, have been in town since Sunday, and the Boer ladies, who are graceful, sweet and highly accomplished girls, have made many friends. As their name implies, Mr. and the Misses De Villiers are of la haute noblesse in their own country. Their Toronto friends hope they will carry back pleasant memories of the Canadian city and its residents. Mr. McMurrich and Mr. Lash met the South Africans abroad this summer, and have fulfilled their promise of showing them Toronto under pleasant auspices. On Monday evening they entertained them at a small and cosy dinner at the Yacht Club, which was chaperoned by Mrs. Cowan, (nee Michie), and at which Miss McMurrich, a lovely "not out," was the only other guest. The visitors remained for the dance, and the hosts saw that they met some pleasant people and enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. Willie Brouse returned from Murray Bay on Monday. Mrs. Arthur Massey and Mrs. Morrison returned from the Royal Muskoka on Monday.

Mrs. James George has been rather an invalid since her return from the west coast, but is now quite herself again.

Accounts of an exceedingly hilarious birthday feast, given at a smart summer club, have been whispered about for the past ten days. The host is a man of means in his first youth, and the guests are also not ancient. Inspiration waited upon royal feasting and prompted the guests to assist the stewards to clear away the feast by the simple expedient of pitching its remains and the service, decorations, etc., over the balcony to the lawn. The bill was proportionate, and I hear that so much objection was made by other diners to the originality of the method that the hilarious ones are to be appropriately disciplined.

The marriage of Miss Graham Stewart and Mr. Lane is, I understand, to take place in October. Mr. Lane has purchased a farm in Weston.

Another engagement is on open secret to many friends of the charming girl and fine young man concerned, and will be announced soon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees went down the St. Lawrence last week and took in the Saguenay trip. Mrs. Hees afterward went to her old home at Oswego to visit relatives.

Major and Mrs. C. J. S. Miller and Mrs. Le Grand Reed returned to Franklin on Coronation day. Major Miller and his smart four-in-hand, his pretty little wife and their always charming "companion de voyage," have left a blank where fun and merriment reigned, by their departure.

Mr. F. M. Campbell, a most delightful guest, whom many will be glad to welcome here again, has returned to Philadelphia, after a short stay in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Macleod of St. George street.

Mrs. Langworthy and Miss Powell spent a few days at the Queen's this week en route for Victoria, B.C., where they will spend some time with Dr. Powell, father of the two fair ladies. Mrs. Langworthy and Miss Powell are, like their relatives in Ottawa, whom Toronto always welcomes, "divinely tall" and graceful women. At the Canadian staff at the historic bazaar in London last month Mrs. Langworthy was one of the most charming assistants, and she and her husband have enjoyed all the smart hospitalities of London during the season, although unable to witness the postponed ceremony and celebration of last Saturday on account of their trip westward. They have a lovely home between Mentone and Monte Carlo, and are a couple of very attractive people.

Miss Powell and Mr. and Mrs. Langworthy dined at the Yacht Club on Monday evening with a former West-erner and old friend, Mr. Willie Jennings, and also visited the Toronto Golf Club under his escort. They have now reached the west coast I presume.

Everyone is making a grab at the Seawanhaka Cup, but in yachting, as in military circles, the word seems to be, "What we have we'll hold." Long may it be thus!

Thirty or more sweet little graceful yachts rock at anchor on the bay these evenings, their slim masts bare, and their fine dark hulls outlined against the moonlit water. But they spunk along elegantly when the white wings unfold by day, one of Toronto's fairest summer sights.

The following persons registered at the Belvidere, Parry Sound, last week: Messrs. Fred Stanway, R. Pellatt, R. G. Bruce, E. P. Brownell, G. M. Alexander of Toronto, Mrs. David McLennan of Stratford, Mr. J. C. McLennan of Toronto, Miss Cargreer, Miss N. H. Cargreer, Mr. E. M. Bowyer, Mr. C. H. Bowyer, Miss Amy L. Greenfield, Miss Alice S. Greenfield, Miss Kitchen, Mr. Mat thew, Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Howson, Miss MacNeil, Messrs. Fred Frysell, J. F. Kerr, J. C. Pollock, I. M. Scott, Irwin Fisher, E. M. Corson, M.D., Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Henton, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Scrivener, Mrs. J. M. Prince, Mr. A. E. Roberts of Toronto, Mr. Guy H. Long of Hamilton, Mr. D. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. A. Eddy, Miss M. Eddy, Mr. Ernest Eddy of Ottawa, Mr. Edward Smith of London, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Halling and children, Miss McKendry, Mr. W. J. McKendry, Mr. W. M. Doige of Galt, Mr. A. S. Hardy, Miss G. Hardy, Miss G. Buchanan of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stassey, Mrs. F. E. Anthony, Mrs. W. R. Tillingham, Mr. Alexander Johnson, Mr. K. J. Johnson, Mr. H. L. Prince, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Huston, Mr. William Boles of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Trorsman, Miss L. E. Colby, Miss Chisholm, Miss Haganam, of Oakville, Mrs. C. H. Hardie and child, Mr. C. D. Hardie, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gibson, Miss Margaret Gibson of Hamilton, Miss A. E. Kemp, Miss F. Kemp of Toronto, Messrs. F. G. Hughes and E. M. Devitt of Waterloo, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cammell of Milton, H. F. Loomis, wife and son, Miss D. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Randall, Mrs. (Dr.) M. E. Davis, Miss L. Yeates, Miss M. Yeates of Bramford, Mr. H. M. Haney of Orillia, Mr. W. E. DeLoche, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hurd and child, Mrs. J. E. Briggs and child, Mr. J. B. Weil, Mr. L. Levy, Hon. Justice Ferguson, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. W. G. A. Anglin of Toronto, Messrs. W. A. Kirkwood, C. E. Rowland, W. B. Hendry of Ridley Camp, Mr. H. B. Kelvert of Hamilton, Mr. A. J. Carson, Mr. Walter Perry, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bryce, Mr. William Blackman, Mr. John T. Webster, Mr. V. R. Bilton of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. William Laking, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Patterson of Hamilton, Mr. W. A. Maclean of St. Catharines, Mr. J. R. Lee, Mr. W. H. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Hara, nurse and child of Toronto, Miss Walbridge, Mr. George Lyman of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Graham of Toronto, Mr. William Hendrie, sr., of Hamilton, Mr. J. Calder of Toronto, Messrs. J. S. Otterson, A. J. Murphy, D. W. Brown of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Symons, Mrs. A. B. Begg, Mrs. H. L. Kutter, Miss E. L. Armstrong, Mr. A. B. Begg of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lyons and family, Miss I. Hudson, Mr. W. J. Drebberville, Mr. A. D. Bradshaw, Mr. E. H. Bromie of Hamilton, Miss E. McMurray of Port Huron, Mr. T. J. Wynne, Mr. W. H. Riddell, Mrs. W. H. Riddell, Miss Riddell of Waterloo, Mr. John S. Hendrie of Hamilton, Miss Boyce, Mr. and Mrs. Chewett of Toronto, Mr. T. B. Ward of Herefordshire, Eng., Mr. W. Lerrin, Mrs. John S. Morgan, Miss Mary Thomas, Miss Julia Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gould, Mr. J. H. O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Caskey, Mr. F. H. Caskey, Mr. Paul D. Caskey, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Dean of Lindsay, Mr. James G. Gouinlock, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gouinlock, Miss Laura Gouinlock, Master Roper Gouinlock, Miss Lillian Gouinlock of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morris, Miss Jessie E. Morris, Mr. Charles W. Morris, Mr. R. S. Stonehouse, Mr. S. F. Bell of Toronto, Mr. T. L. Giliophle of Ottawa, Mr. E. H. Benvenist, Mr. Avery Casey, Mrs. S. Casey, Miss Kent of Toronto, Mr. H. J. Bartlett, Miss Smith of Orillia, Mr. Smith of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Mrs. Elmsley, Miss Elmsley, Miss N. Elmsley of Toronto, Mr. N. Hall, Mr. Theodore Martin, Mr. P. G. Stanley of Toronto, Mr. S. H. Vogel, Mr. John J. McNamora, Mr. George H. York, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Stewart, Miss E. Stewart, Miss L. Seavey, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Williams, Miss Oldfield of England, Mr. P. T. McEneaney, Mr. John S. McIntosh, Mrs. A. M. Anderson, Mrs. B. L. Evans, Mr. Kenneth Evans, Miss D. Hetfield, Miss Rose Morrison, Miss Julia Morrison, Mr. A. H. Jones of Guelph, Miss Rose A. Oldfield of England.

The garden party and sale of work which was held at Summerholm Cottage, Haman's Point, on August 9, under the auspices of the Y.W.C.G., for the benefit of the Sick Children's Hospital, was very extensively patronized, and was eminently successful, viewed from a social as well as a financial standpoint. Early in the afternoon the lawn of Summerholm (which, by the way, is very happily situated for an occasion of this kind) was the scene of mirth and joviality as the guests arrived and were warmly welcomed by the reception committee, which was under the able and genial management of Miss Foote. The cottage was very tastefully decorated throughout, and the Guild girls looked cool and charming in their dainty summer gowns as they fitted hither and thither, giving with each other in their efforts to make the afternoon one of pleasure for their guests. The sale of work was conducted by Misses Menary and Chipperfield. These young ladies proffered their wares with such beaming faces and pleasant words that few were able to resist the temptation to buy. The guests were lured into the curio room by the united machinations of Misses Eccles, Jeffrey and Smith, and were not allowed to depart these without payment of the most exorbitant nature. The refreshment tables were presided over by Misses Coote, Harding and Nicholson, while the "cup tasters" but not inebriated" was dispensed by two charming young ladies, Misses Welsh and Leslie. A most excellent programme was well rendered in

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the evening, some of the artists being Mr. Howitt of the Sherlock Quartette, Miss Snider, reader, and Mr. Corner, violinist. Much of the success of the gathering may be attributed to the untiring energy of Miss Cadow, superintendent of the cottage, who was the originator of the scheme, and who entered into the good work with enthusiasm.

Theory and Practice.

"Papa," said the sweet girl graduate, "wasn't my commencement gown a whooperino? I had the other girls skinned alive!" "And this is the girl," said papa, sadly, "whose graduating essay was 'An Appeal for Higher Standards of Thought and Expression!'"

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unless framed in a silky and luxuriant coronet of hair. It may be that Dame Nature has supplied you with the one but not the other or perhaps from illness or other cause your hair may have lost its old-time appearance and abundance. Perhaps you have worried how best to remedy this. If so, we can be of service. Our **POMPADOUR BANG** is the most artistic and perfect creation so far produced in hair lines. It is made of the finest imported natural wavy hair, without any artificial base, being dressed simply upon a comb. It is absolutely invisible when worn, even in the noonday sun. It may be dressed in a trio of becoming ways—"The Pompadour," "The American Dip," and the "Suggested Part," and it can be matched to any shade of hair or complexion. When donned it adds that nameless tone of elegance that comes only from well-groomed hair. Almost any hair-dresser can make Bangs. We haven't been content to produce the ordinary kind. We have aimed at exclusiveness, superiority and perfection, and we offer **THE POMPADOUR** as combining the most beautiful effects obtainable outside of Paris.

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# THE GREAT PINE.

By Mary E. Wilkins

**I**T was in the summer-time that the great pine sang his loudest song of winter, for always the voice of the tree seemed to arouse in the listener a realization of that which was past, and to come, rather than of the present. In the winter the tree seemed to sing of the slumberous peace under his gently falling boughs, and the deep swell of his aromatic breath in burning noons, and when the summer traveler up the mountain-side threw himself, spent and heated, beneath his shade, then the winter song was at its best. When the wind swelled high came the song of the ice-fields, of the frozen mountain torrents, of the trees bent double like old men and wearing hoary beards, of the little wild things trembling in their covers when the sharp reports of the frost sounded through the rigid hush of the arctic night and death was abroad. The man who lay beneath the tree had much unutilized imagination, and, though hampered by excessive ignorance, he yet saw and heard that which was beyond mere observation. He reflected upon the winter when exhausted by the summer heat, with that keen pleasure which comes from the mental grasp of contrast to discomfort. He did not know that he heard the voice of the tree and not his own thought, so did the personality of the great pine mingle with his own. He was a sailor, and had climbed different heights from mountains, even masts made from the kindred of the tree.

Presently he threw his head back, and stared up, and reflected what a fine mast the tree would make, if only it were not so soft pine. There was a stir in a branch, and a bird which lived in the tree in summer cast a small wary glance at him from an eye like a point of bright intelligence, but the man did not see it. He drew a long breath, and looked irresolutely at the upward slope beyond the tree. It was time for him to be up and on if he would cross the mountain before nightfall. He was a way-farer without resources, save those which he had been born into the world. He was as poor as the tree, or any of the wild creatures which were in hiding around him on the mountain. He was even poorer, for he had not their feudal tenure of an abiding-place for root and foot on the mountain by the inalienable right of past generations of his race. Even the little wary-eyed feathered thing had its small freehold in the branches of the Great Pine, but the man had nothing. He had returned to primitive conditions, he was portionless save for that with which he came into the world, except for two garments which were nearly past their use as such. His skin showed through the rents; the pockets were empty. Adam expelled from Eden was not in much worse case, and this man also had at his back the flaming sword of punishment for wrongdoing. The man arose. He stood for a moment, letting the cool wind fan his forehead a little longer; then he bent his shoulders doggedly, and resumed his climb up the dry bed of a brook which was in winter a fierce conduit for the melting ice and snow. Presently he came to such a choke of fallen trees across the bed that he had to leave it; then there was a sheer rock ascent which he had to skirt and go lower down the mountain to avoid.

The tree was left alone. He stood quiescent with the wind in his green plumes. He belonged to that simplest form of life which cannot project itself beyond its own existence to judge of it. He did not know when presently the man returned and threw himself down with a violent thud against his trunk, though there was a slight shock to his majesty. But the man looked up at the tree and cursed it. He had lost his way through avoiding the rocky precipice, and had circled back to the tree. He remained there a few minutes to gain breath; then he rose, for the western sunlight was filtering in gold drops through the foliage below the pine, and plodded heavily on again.

It might have been twenty minutes before he returned. When he saw the pine he cursed more loudly than before. The sun was quite low. The mountains seemed to be growing in size, the valleys were fast becoming gulfs of black mystery. The man looked at the tree malignantly. He felt in his pocket for a knife which he used to own, then for a match, the accompaniment of the tobacco pipe which formerly comforted him, but there was none there. The thought of the lost pipe and tobacco filled him with a childish savagery. He felt that he must vent his spite upon something outside himself. He picked up two dry sticks, and began rubbing them together. Presently a spark gleamed, then another. He scraped up a handful of dry leaves. Presently smoke arose pungently in his face, then a flame leaped to life. The man kept on his way, leaving a fire behind him, and swore with an oath that he would not be trapped by the tree again.

He struggled up the old waterway, turning aside for the prostrate skeletons of giant trees, clambering over heaps of stones which might have been the cairns of others, and claving up precipices like a panther. After one fierce scramble he paused for breath, and, standing on a sheer rock-ledge, gazed downward. Below him was a swaying, folding gloom full of vague whispers and rustlings. It seemed to wave and eddy before him like the sea from the deck of a ship, and indeed it was another deep, only of air instead of water. Suddenly he realized that there was no light, that the fire which he had kindled must have gone out. He stared into the waving darkness below, and sniffed hard. He could smell smoke faintly, although he could see no fire. Then all at once came a gleam of red, then a leap of orange flame. Then—no human being could have told him what happened, he himself felt of all, what swift motive born of deeds and experiences in his own life, born perhaps of deeds and experiences of long-dead ancestors, actuated him. He leaped back down the mountain, stumbling headlong, falling at times, and scrambling to his feet again, sending loose stones down in avalanches, running risks of life and limb, but never faltering until he was beside the pine, standing, singing in the growing glare of the fire. Then he began beating the fire fiercely with sticks, trampling it until he blistered his feet. At last the fire was out. People on a hotel piazza down in the valley, who had been watching it,

turned away. "The fire is out," they said, with the regret of those who miss a spectacular delight, although admitting the pity and shame of it, yet coddling with fierce and defiant joy the secret lust of destruction of the whole race. "The fire is out," they said, but more than the fire had burned low, and was out, on the mountain. The man who had evoked destruction to satisfy his own wrath and bitterness of spirit, and then repented, sat for a few minutes outside the blackened circle around the great pine, breathing hard. He drew his rough coat-sleeve across his wet forehead, and stared up at the tree, which loomed above him like a prophet with solemnly waving arms of benediction, prophesying in a great unknown language of his own. He gaped as he stared; his face looked vacant. He felt in his pocket for his departed pipe, then withdrew his hand forcibly, dashing it against the ground. Then he sighed, swore mildly under his breath an oath of weariness and misery, rather than wrath. Then he pulled himself up by successive stages of his stiff muscles like an old camel, and resumed his journey.

After a while he again paused and looked back. The moon had arisen, and he could see quite plainly the great pine standing crowned with white light tossing his boughs like spears and lances of silver. "Thunderin' big tree," he muttered, with a certain pride and self-approbation. He felt that that majestic thing owed its being to him, to his forbearance with his own hard fate. Had it not been for that it would have been a mere blackened trunk. At that moment, for the first time in his history, he rose superior to his own life. In some unknown fashion this seemingly trivial happening had, as it were, tuned him to a higher place in the scale of things than he had ever held. He, through saving the tree from himself, gained a greater spiritual growth than the tree had gained in height since it first quickened with life. Who shall determine the limit at which the intimate connection and reciprocal influence of all forms of visible creation upon one another may stop? A man may cut down a tree and plant one. Who knows what effect the tree may have upon the man to his raising or undoing?

Presently the man frowned and shook his head in a curious fashion, as if he questioned his own identity; then he resumed his climb. After the summit was gained he went down the other side of the mountain, then northward through a narrow gorge of valley to which the moonbeams did not yet penetrate. This valley, between mighty walls of silver-crested darkness, was terrifying. The man felt his own smallness and the largeness of nature which seemed about to fall upon him. Spirit was intimidated by matter. The man, rude and unlettered, brutalized and dulled by his life, yet realized it. He rolled his eyes aloft from side to side, and ran as if pursued.

When he had reached the brow of a little decline in the valley road, he paused, and searched eagerly with straining eyes the side of the mountain on the right. Then he drew a long breath of relief. He had seen what he wished to see: a feeble glimmer of lamplight from a window of a house, the only one on that lonely road for five miles in either direction. It was the dwelling-house on a small farm which had been owned by the father of the woman whom the man had married fifteen years before. Ten years ago, when he had run away, there had been his wife, his little girl, and his wife's mother living on the farm. The old farmer father had died two years before that, and the man, who had wild blood in his veins, had rebelled at the hard grind necessary to wrest a livelihood by himself from the mountain soil. So one morning he was gone, leaving a note stating that he had gone to sea, and would write and send money; that he could earn more than on a farm. But he never wrote, and he never sent the money. He had met with sin and disaster, and at last he started homeward, shorn, and if not repentant, weary of wrongdoing and its hard wages. He had retreated from the broad way with an ignoble impulse, desiring the safety of the narrow, and the leaves and fishes, which, after all, can be found in it with greater certainty; but now as he hastened along he became conscious of something better than that. One good impulse begat others by some law of spiritual reproduction. He began to think how he would perhaps do more work than he had formerly, and please his wife and her mother.

He looked at the light in the window ahead with something akin to thankfulness. He remembered how very gentle his wife had been, and how fond of him. His wife's mother also had been a mild woman, with reproving eyes only, never with a tongue of reproach. He remembered his little girl with a thrill of tenderness and curiosity. She would be a big girl now; she would be like her mother. He began picturing to himself what they would do and say, what they would give him for supper. He thought he would like a slice of ham cut from one of those cured on the farm, that and some new-laid eggs. He would have some of those biscuits that his wife's mother used to make, and some fresh butter, and honey from the home bees. He would have tea and cream. He seemed to smell the tea and the ham. A hunger which was sorer than any hunger of the flesh came over him. All at once the wanderer starved for home. He had been shipwrecked and at the point of death from hunger, but never was hunger like this. He had planned speeches of contrition; now he planned nothing. He feared no blame from those whom he had wronged; he feared nothing except his own need of them. Faster and faster he went. He seemed to be running a race. At last he was quite close to the house. The light was in a window facing the road, and the curtain was up. He could see a figure steadily passing and repassing it. He went closer, and saw that it was a little girl with a baby in her arms, and she was walking up and down hushing it. A feeble cry smote his ears, though the doors and windows were closed. It was chilly even in midsummer in the mountains. He went around the house to the side door. He noticed that the field on the left was waving with tall dry grass which should have been cut long ago; he noticed that there were no beehives in the garden. He noticed that the house looked gray and shabby even in the moonlight, that some blinds were gone and a window broken. He leaned a second against the door. Then he

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the children followed and stood in the doorway watching. He gravely set to work, with such utensils and materials as he found, which were scanty enough. He kindled a fire, and made a corn cake. He made porridge for the sick man and carried him a bowl of it smoking-hot. "Ain't had nothin' like this since she died," said the sick man.

After supper Dick cleaned the kitchen. He also tidied up the other room and made the bed, and milked, and split some wood wherever to cook breakfast.

"You ain't goin' to-night, Dick?" the sick man said, anxiously, when he came in after the work was done.

"No, I ain't," "Lord! I forgot; it's your house," said the sick man.

"I wa'n't goin', anyhow," said Dick. "Well, there's a bed upstairs. You ain't got any more clothes than what you've got on, have you?"

"No, I ain't," replied Dick, shortly. "Well, there's a repine in the closet out of this room, and you might just as well wear 'em till I get up. There's some shirts, and some pants."

"All right," said Dick. The next morning Dick got the breakfast, cooking eggs with wonderful skill and frying corn cakes. Then, dressed in the sick man's shirt and trousers, he set forth, axe in hand. He toiled all day in the woods; he toiled every day until he had sufficient wood cut, then he hired a horse, to be paid for when the wood was sold. He carted loads to the hotels and farm-houses where summer boarders were taken. He arose before dawn and worked in the field and garden. He cut the hay. He was up half the night setting the house to rights. He washed and ironed like a woman. The whole establishment was transformed. He got a doctor for the sick man, but he gave small encouragement. He had consumption, although he might linger long.

"Who's going to take care of the poor fellow, I don't know," said the doctor. "I be," said Dick.

"Then there are the children," said the doctor. "One of 'em is mine, and I'll take care of him," said Dick.

The doctor stared, as one stares who sees a good deed in a naughty world, with a mixture of awe, of contempt, and of incredulity. "Well," he said, "it's lucky you came along."

After that Dick simply continued in his new path of life. He looked and worked and nursed. It was inconceivable how much the man accomplished. He developed an enormous capacity for work. In the autumn he painted the house, the cellar was full of winter vegetables, the woodpile was compact. The children were warmly clad, and Lottie went to school. Her father had bought an old horse for a song, and he carried her to school every day. Once in January he had occasion to drive around the other side of the mountain which he had climbed the night of his return. He started early in the afternoon, but he might be in season to go for Lottie.

It was a clear cold day. Snow was on the ground, a deep glittering level with a hard crust of ice. The sleigh slid over the frozen surface with long hisses. The trees were all bare and had suffered frightfully in the last storm. The rain had frozen as it fell, and there had been a high gale. The ice-mailed branches had snapped, and sometimes whole trees. Dick, slipping along on the white line of road below, gazed up at the side of the mountain. He looked and looked again. Then he desisted. He reached over and cut the horse's back with the reins. "Get up," he cried, harshly.

The great pine had fallen from his high estate. He was no more to be seen dominating the other trees, standing out in solitary majesty among his kind. The storm had killed him. He lay prostrate on the mountain.

And the man on the road below passed like the wind, and left the mountain and the dead tree behind.—Harper's Bazar.

## In Mourning.

"Oh, shame!" cried the neighbors, "she's playing again!" What harm? The poor widow was lonely. She found the piano a solace; and, then, she was using the black keys only. —Philadelphia Press.

## No-Pay Hotel Guests.

"I wish you would have some new pens put on the writing-table," said a well-dressed man to the clerk of an uptown hotel.

"Certainly, Front!" and a boy was called and instructed to attend to the matter.

"Now, wouldn't you think that he was our star guest?" asked the clerk. "If you did think so you would be wrong, for he never spent a cent in this house. He lives quite a distance from here, but

## Suspicion

Leads to the Real Cause.

The question of coffee disease or Postum health becomes of the greatest importance when we are thrown on our own resources. Many a woman when suddenly left without means of support can make a comfortable living if health remains.

A brave little woman out in Barnes, Kansas, says:—"I feel that I owe you a letter for the good Postum Coffee has done me. For years I was a great sufferer with nervousness without ever suspecting the cause. Two years ago I came down with nervous prostration. My work was light, but I could not do it; I could not even sew or read."

"My sleep was broken and unrefreshing; I suffered intensely, and it seemed only a matter of time till I must lose my reason."

"My mental distress was as great as my physical, when one day a friend brought me a trial of Postum Coffee and urged me to use it instead of coffee for a few days, saying that Postum had cured her of liver trouble and sick headaches. I replied that I thought I could not give up coffee, I had always used it as a stimulant; however, the Postum Food Coffee proved to be pleasing to the taste, and I used it, and was surprised to see that I was resting and getting better."

"My husband bought several packages and insisted on me using it altogether. Gradually, but not the less surely, I fully recovered. I never used coffee afterwards, and when I was left a widow a year later I was able to open a dress-making shop and support myself and little girls." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

comes in as regularly as the day, reads his papers here, writes his letters at our desks and receives his callers in our reception rooms. He is not alone in his class. There are hundreds of men just like him. They are respectable, and in no way offensive, but they enjoy a lot of hotel privileges for nothing so long that they finally look upon them as vested rights."

The clerk told about the various kinds of "no-pay guests" to be seen in all New York hotels, and said that they were a source of expense to the hotels, but that they helped to distribute the hotel stationery, and occasionally some of their friends left a dollar there.

"The man with the long hair over there," said the clerk, pointing to a distinguished looking man who lolled in an easy chair with an air of proprietorship, "is one of our 'regular' guests. His specialty is newspapers. He has his breakfast at a coffee and cakes place near by, and comes early every morning. He sits about with his eyes half closed, apparently oblivious to all around him, until someone lays down a paper and walks away. Then he will jump for the paper quick as a flash, and begin to read. While he is reading he keeps an eye on the others in the room, and as papers are cast aside he adds to his store, but when he has finished reading he leaves the papers in the reading-room, and some of his fellow 'regulars' carry them away. At the writing-desks our expense for stationery is looked upon as legitimate, but there is one feature that goes a little beyond the limit, and is rather exasperating. That is the pilfering."

"Penholders, with pens and without pens, pens new and old and blotters in all stages, are carried away in great quantities. A man who is known as 'the professor' in the hotels in this neighborhood, probably because he was once a school teacher, used to sit around a writing-table for a long time every day, pretending to read, but he really watched for an opportunity to conceal a blotter in the folds of his paper. When this had been accomplished he folded up the paper and walked out. What he wanted the paper for I don't know, because he did all his writing here. One day I called him aside and told him that he must stay away. He asked no questions, but he understood why. I am sure, however, that his place as a blotter pilferer has been filled."

In the winter these hotel loungers make the public rooms their club, and in warm weather they cannot be distinguished from the real guests in the fresh air parts of the hotels.

"Of course," said the clerk, "if we would allow everyone to make our house his headquarters we would soon have no room for our guests, but we do not. Our 'sitters' are reputable people, who have no business to occupy their time; old men whose day has passed or men who are waiting for something to turn up, and I am sure that they are all honest people, even if they do occasionally take a few pens and other articles of stationery or the daily papers."

"This class belongs to a New York hotel as much as that other class which consists of men who stand around the ticker all day figuring how much money could have been made if a certain

## To Recognize Purity.

Adulteration has grown to such a fine art, that it is almost impossible for a woman now-a-days to detect the false from the true; but a chemical analysis will always detect adulteration. Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, after a number of analyses, reports that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-made soap." Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see that Prof. Ellis is right. No one should know better than he.

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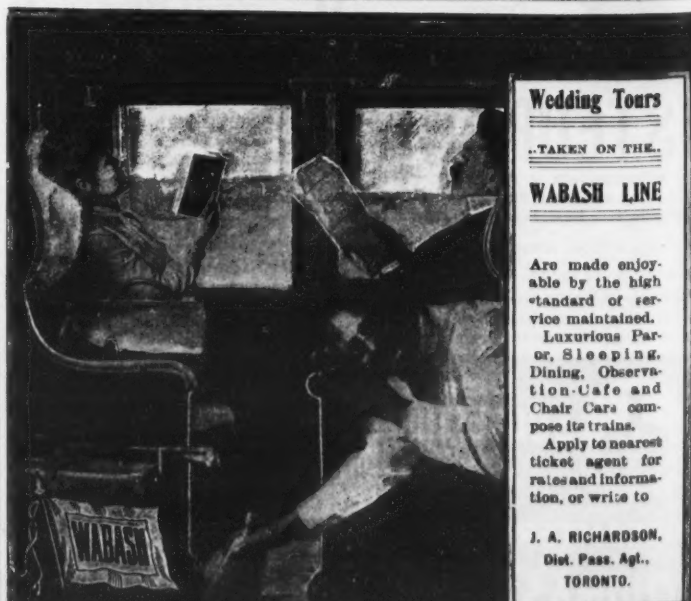
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Must Bear Signature of  
*Wm. Wood*  
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
GENTLENESS MUST BE SIGNATURE.  
Purely Vegetable.  
**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

**O'Keefe's Special**  
Turn It Upside Down  
—DRINK IT ALL—  
—NO DRUGS—  
—NOT CARBONATED—  
The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.  
A single trial will convince.  
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OF TORONTO, Limited

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is the one shod with a  
**"Hagar" Make**  
SOLD ONLY BY  
**H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St.**

**Curious Bits of News.**

Captain F. C. Ishoy, a Dane, has invented a steamship which he thinks will be both speedier and steeper than the existing type. He makes the hull considerably more flat than in the ordinary model, thus decreasing the draft. But his most novel device is placing the screw under the bottom of the vessel instead of at the stern. Not only will such a ship be particularly seaworthy, says the inventor, but, with the same speed, it will save 20 per cent. in consumption of coal.

A new form of litter for carrying the wounded has been devised by Mrs. Chadwick, wife of the captain who commanded the flagship "New York" in the Spanish war. It is a simple arrangement of straps and slings supporting a broad canvas seat, and weighs only three and a half pounds. The New York "Sun" says of this invention: "It is no small thing for a woman to have solved the problem which has puzzled army officers and surgeons the world over. The litter for carrying the wounded which Mrs. Chadwick has devised is being praised as the simplest, lightest and most easily carried device of the kind yet invented."

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company are sending an electro-gasoline motor car to Banff, where it will be at the disposal of tourists who wish to examine minutely the grand scenery of the Canadian Rockies. Formerly visitors had to occupy observation cars attached as "trailers" to the regular express trains. The car will be able to make little trips to Field, etc., and a new pleasure is thus opened up by the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. There is accommodation for 14 people on the car, and five gallons of the gasoline enables it to run about 100 miles.

The state railway administration in Prussia has just settled upon a system of electric lighting for trains which is attracting much attention in Germany. The axle-driven dynamo having been found objectionable because it borrows too much power from the locomotive, and the system of storage-batteries being undesirable for other reasons, the plan adopted is to place on the locomotive a steam-driven dynamo, which supplies a current to a small regulating battery in each car. Thus every car in a vestibuled train has a separate lighting system fed from its own accumulator, although the general supply comes from the generator on the locomotive. Each car is provided with ceiling lamps and reading lamps.

The recent outbreak of volcanoes in the Antilles gives peculiar interest to a novel and rather startling theory propounded by the German geologists Paul and Fritz Sarasin. Says the Berlin "Gartenlaube" (newspaper): "Many theories have been proposed to account for the glacial epoch—or, rather, epochs—but none seems quite satisfactory. Now the Sarasins have calculated that a reduction of the average annual temperature by 7 degrees or 8 degrees F. would suffice to produce all the phenomena of glaciation. Such a reduction, they hold, may very well have been caused by volcanic eruptions. In the unparalleled eruption of Krakatoa in 1884 immense quantities of dust were lifted to a great height in the air. This dust remained suspended in the atmosphere for years, during which it was the cause of singular sunset effects and nocturnal 'silver clouds' observed in various parts of the world. Now, if we imagine the simultaneous eruption of a great many volcanoes, it is evident that the dust and smoke might impede the sun's rays sufficiently to bring about the small variation of annual temperature mentioned. A pleasing corollary of this ingenious theory is that, if we accept it, we must also accept the possibility of a new ice-age at any time."

**The Kitchener of To-Day.**  
THE triumphal return of Lord Kitchener to England has been the means of filling the papers with columns of alleged anecdotes concerning the general, and voluminous descriptions of his life, and especially of his recent campaign in South Africa. A striking description of the new victor, doubtless founded on intimate knowledge of him, appeared in the "Times." It concluded as follows:

After the Sudan campaign, Kitchener was painted in colors which, to say the least, were misleading. He was represented as a cold, calculating machine, hard and unbending, almost unnatural in his dealings with other men—a truly exaggerated portrait. He possesses, indeed, a character which is firm, determined, and steadfast. When he faces a difficult problem all considerations for eign to solving that problem are brushed

**Learn How To Feed Yourself Skillfully.**

It is easy to use good food and get well and keep that way, but a person must go about it.  
A lady says: "I had a dreadful time of it before I learned how to feed myself properly. I suffered with stomach trouble for about ten years, and finally got so bad that terrible pains would set in, followed by nauseating sickness in the stomach and bowels."

"Sometimes I would bloat up and would have to lie flat on my back. My stomach threw up everything I ate, and, of course, I lost weight and strength very rapidly. I became pale. Blood was out of order, and I looked like a skeleton finally."

"One day neuralgia set in in the stomach and liver, and I went right down to death's door. I got so bad that even warm water was thrown off the stomach, which would hold absolutely nothing until I began taking Grape-Nuts in small quantities."  
"My father had been accustomed to Grape-Nuts, and knew of the value of the food, and began giving it to me. I immediately began to improve, and my stomach retained the food and digested it. I gradually grew well again, and now I can eat a hearty dinner of almost anything. My brain is clear, skin beautifully white, and my eyes as bright as crystal, where I used to be sallow and with lack-luster eyes. I owe everything to Grape-Nuts. Please do not publish my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

**Hit Him Hard.**



Frayed Fagin—Gosh! yer look faded. Wuz de lady cleanin' house? Weary Willie (gasping)—Well, do I look like she wuz reading a book uv love-poems or entertainin' de minister?—'Judge.'

aside, but those who have been in contact with him can never say he is inhuman or unreasonable. His greatest asset, perhaps, is his power of judging the character of those around him. He possesses the peculiar faculty of surrounding himself with able men. May it not be from the mouths of those who have not found favor with him that his character has been misrepresented? Doubtless he has faults. Perhaps the greatest of these is his desire to saddle himself with the responsibility for everything under his control, and to be intimately connected with more detail than a human mind can conveniently embrace. The personification of human energy himself, he is prone to expect in others a standard equal to his own. That he is feared by his subordinates is true. But, should it be otherwise? He certainly is loved by those who have worked successfully for him. His standard for judging success may be a high one, but in the long run the army and the nation profit by it. Though he may have made mistakes in judging the quality of some men, in the main it will be found that these mistakes are few, and though he may not possess the magnetic influence of some leaders in winning the hearts of his subordinates, he will always preserve his ascendancy, both as a soldier and as a statesman. His subordinates will always be drawn close to him by their unquestioning confidence in him as a leader.

**When the Dew is Falling.**  
When the dew is falling  
I have heard a calling  
Of aerial sweet voices o'er the low green hill.  
And when the moon is dying  
I have heard a crying  
Where the brown burn slippeth through hollows green and still.  
And O the sorrow upon me,  
The gray grief upon me,  
For a voice that whispered once, and  
Now for aye is still.  
O heart forsaken, calling,  
When the dew is falling,  
To the one that comes not ever o'er the low green hill.  
—Fiona MacLeod.

**He'd Never Thought of It.**

The camera fiend was getting ready to go into the woods, his present fad being the photographing of young birds in their nests, for the purpose, as he explained, of illustrating the "life history" of the feathered songsters.

"My friend," said one of the group on the porch, "I know you to be a man of humane instincts, and that you would hesitate a long time before you would kill an innocent thing like a wood thrush, a young robin or any other harmless bird. Nor would you cause them pain, much less a lingering death, if you knew it. Now, the fact is, you are almost certain to do all these things in your pursuit of the photographs of very young birds."

"I don't see how," was the incredulous rejoinder.  
"Then I'll take the liberty of explaining. In almost every instance you find it necessary, in order to get the proper light upon a nest, to cut away some of the limbs that surround it. In doing this you are almost certain to frighten the mother bird, sometimes to so great an extent that she leaves the nest never to return, which means death by the torturing process of starvation to her little brood. Even if this does not occur, the removal of the twigs and the leaves upon them deprives the growing youngsters of their natural protection from the burning sunbeams or the cold, driving rains, and death comes to them in that way. Or, escaping this danger, they fall victims to hawks, owls or other birds of prey; your handiwork, by rendering the nest more conspicuous, having contributed to this result."

"By jove, I never thought of that," said the man with the fad, "but now I see that it is true. I'll do no more of it." And he kept his word.

**The Grand Trunk "Eastern Flyer."**

Leaving Toronto at 10:30 p.m. daily, arrives Montreal 7:30 a.m., Portland 5:45 p.m., Old Orchard 6:33 p.m. Carries Pullman sleepers to Montreal, connecting with Pullman parlor cars for Quebec and Portland, also has Pullman sleeper for Kingston Wharf. City office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

**The Wrong Bottle.**

During the run of "A Celebrated Case" in New York, in the spring of 1878, J. H. Stoddard played the role of Sergeant O'Rourke. He says he has reason to remember this character, and adds: "In the prologue I had a scene with Mrs. Booth, who played the wife of Jean Renaud, the hero, in the course of which she was supposed to give me, as the sergeant, a cup of wine, which I had to swallow. It so happened that the property-man had been using kerosene on the stage during the day, and had left the bottle containing that liquid upon the dresser, where Mrs. Booth was in the habit of finding the drink for the sergeant. During the business she poured a full cup from this bottle, handed it to me, and I swallowed the contents at a gulp. 'O Lord!' I said, as I received the notion. 'What have I done?' said Mrs. Booth, under her breath. I could only gasp out: 'Kerosene!' and made a hasty exit. For almost a week everyone avoided me, owing to the presence of the noxious fluid. I drank such a quantity that the odor and taste remained with me until I thought I should never be rid of

it. Otherwise it did me no injury, and my physician even said that it did me good."

**Town Treasurer.**  
Quebec Municipal Officer Gives Important Evidence.

Without Fear, Favor, or Affection, He Speaks Plainly His Honest Sentiments, Adding Some Words of Advice.

Wolfestown, Que., Aug. 11.—(Special.)—Mr. R. Boulanger, secretary and treasurer of this town, is numbered among the most prominent and highly respected citizens of the country.

Time and again he has been honored by appointments to offices of public trust, and there is no man in our community, who commands the universal respect and esteem of all classes of citizens more than Mr. Boulanger.

Those who know him well are aware that for some time he was very ill, and they also know that he was restored to good health, but many of them may not be aware of the means used by Mr. Boulanger in accomplishing the wonderful recovery which he has been fortunate enough to bring about.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him and he has made this fact public in a grateful letter which reads as follows:

"I desire to say that I was completely cured of Kidney Disease and Urinary Trouble by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was so bad that I was obliged to urinate often, with much pain. They have relieved me of the pain and the results in every way are satisfactory.

"I think it is prudent for every family to keep them and use them."

When a man of Mr. Boulanger's standing puts himself on record so frankly and positively, there can be no doubt but that he has experienced all and more than he states in his letter.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have now permanently established themselves as an infallible remedy for all urinary trouble, and the closing words of Mr. Boulanger's letter are an advice which every household should observe.

**Hardships of the Educated.**

EXPATIATING upon the hardships of the educated youth, a contemporary intimates that this is a bad time for the college man who goes out into the world to find something to do. Taking into consideration the fact that this is what is popularly known as the "silly season," it is not surprising to find intimations of this nature in ordinarily sane quarters. Viewed, however, as a proposition worthy of serious consideration, it is not difficult to substantiate a claim to the contrary effect, and to say positively that for the man who is really educated there has never been a time richer in opportunities than this. Of course if a man spends four years in college storing his mind with useless knowledge it is not at all likely that his B.A. will help him much in getting himself established in life, and the chances are that without material assistance from his parents he would stand an excellent chance to be reckoned among the idlers. But the other man, the man who knows what he wants to do and fits himself for it, and is persistent and conscientious in his work, need have no fear that the world will be lacking in rewards for him when the harvest time comes. The melancholy fact that our colleges are turning out sciolists by the dozens, men who half know a lot of things that have no practical value in the pursuit of fame and fortune, does not alter the other fact that the well-trained student who has gone at his work seriously, and with a particular object in view, finds always a ready market for his energies. The whine that we get from the so-called "educated" man is not from those who have the possession of a degree with education; who think that because they have fulfilled the academic requirements of the college they are therefore educated. These men may possess a vast amount of information, but they are no more educated necessarily than a man who possesses a complete tool-chest is by virtue of that possession a good carpenter. To have the finest set of tools in the world is a hollow mockery to the man who does not know how to use them; and these wailing youngsters who plunge into the whirl and eddy of life with a store of information that they do not know how to avail themselves of are in an equally sad case. But the fault is not with their times: it is with themselves—or perhaps with their parents, who have failed at the proper time to observe their bent, and to direct their energies in the channels most fit for their fullest development.

**Irish Politics.**

The tragic times in Ireland, when peasant was at open war with landlord and all were at war with English rule, are relieved by many good stories. As Mr. Michael MacDonagh says in his book, "Irish Life and Character," the mercurial Celt is whimsical even in time of trouble.

When Mr. A. J. Balfour, the present Premier, was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he met Father Healy at a dinner in Dublin.

"Tell me, Father Healy," said Mr. Balfour, "is it true the people of Ireland hate me as much as the Nationalist newspapers represent?"  
"Hate you?" replied the priest. "It they hated evil as they hate you, Mr. Balfour, my occupation would be gone."

**A Laughter-Cure For Drunkenness.**

In a recent lecture at Chicago University, Professor William M. Guthrie declared that laughter and comedy made to be made to play an important part as curative and remedial agents, even to the point of protecting humanity from the liquor habit. Says the Chicago "News" (July 7), in a report of the lecture: "Drunkenness, of course, is due only

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W. CLARK, Manufacturer, MONTREAL.

in part to discouragement or desperation. But for the considerable number who drink because they feel dejected and seek a quick and easy way of throwing off their depression, there is a much larger number who drink either because they have nothing else to do or because they crave some excitement to relieve the monotony of their lives. Drinking is a great time-consuming habit, and the man who would shake it off usually finds that the reform leaves him with an undue amount of leisure. One chief trouble with the efforts to suppress the evil, perhaps, is that while the drinker and his friends make brave efforts to stop the bad habit, they do little or nothing toward putting a new and wholesome habit in its place. It is in this stage that his bored feeling and his depression recur with greatest effect. Professor Guthrie's address contains a hint for the despondent person. Let him surround himself with the influences which make for comedy and laughter. Let him seek cheery companionship or attend amusing entertainments. The chances are that he will find the time slipping by so pleasantly that he has forgotten his depression and much of his craving for artificial excitement. Good fun and good cookery—the one to occupy the dejected man's mind and the other to steady his nerves—might be made to do a great deal toward suppressing the liquor evil."

That Professor Guthrie is a valuable press agent for the comic opera and vaudeville companies is asserted by the Chicago "Record-Herald," but after following out this light vein for some time it becomes more serious and says: "There really is a scientific or physiological basis for Professor Guthrie's cure for alcoholism. The general assumption is that men resort to alcoholic stimulation to make them feel happier than their normal condition would justify. They drink to drive away the 'blues' and to induce a feeling of temporary mental elation. If this feeling of mental buoyancy and cheerfulness can be induced by some other means than alcoholic stimulants, it is clear that the desire for intoxicants will be lessened."

"This is the argument of Professor Guthrie, and it seems sound and logical. The 'horse play' of John Slavin or Montgomery and Stone may not fertilize the ray, but it is more certain to Keeleyize the desire for strong drink."

**Are Amiable Heroines Bored?**

Protesting against what he calls the present craze for superamability in fiction, Frank Norris says: "The noblest study of mankind is—of course—woman. But one may be permitted to protest against this ceaseless exploiting of mere amiability. An amiable woman is, in real life, no doubt, a thing to be desired. But in fiction she offers no very interesting problem. The great heroines of literature are anything but amiable. It is the deviation from the normal that makes for interest, and the characterization of a real flesh-and-blood woman, capable of faults, mistakes, even sins, would not only be a refreshing contrast to the present unending file of well-bred, anaemic ladies, but would offer to the novelist an opportunity of exercising all that he has of sincerity, ingenuity, thoughtfulness, and worth."

across the ditch to a boy who was watching the pig stupidly:  
"Arrah, Mick, will ye stir yourself? Don't ye see Arthur James runnin' away?"  
Struck by the name, the gentleman asked the old man about it, and found that in gratitude to Mr. Balfour, who had been the means of getting them the pig, the peasant had given the animal his name.

**The Latest.**

Oyster Bay—It has leaked out that the Roosevelts breakfasted this morning, but the utmost reticence is maintained as to what they ate.

The President went out on horseback during the forenoon. A great crowd had collected. Mr. Roosevelt rode facing the horse's head. When the people saw this they broke into cheers.

The Roosevelts' cook shopped in the city to-day. She wore helicopter de chine with a lace front and a small floral toque of violets. She shook hands warmly with all the press representatives, but asked to be excused from discussing politics at this time.

A cow belonging to President Roosevelt broke out of her pasture just at noon and was photographed in eighteen positions for the New York papers before she could be got back.

The late extras confirm the rumor that all is quiet at the Roosevelt home to-night, but quote no official authority.

**A Philanthropic Miscarriage.**

A man died recently in America and left half a million dollars to establish a home for—indigent women, he is alleged to have meant, but he wrote, instead, "indignant" women. Now the lawyers are vigorously fighting the will on the ground that its essential provision cannot be carried out legally. But why? Surely they cannot prove that there are no indignant women to advantage by the bequest. Nor will any sane and honest man contend that it would not be a good thing to provide a home where such might foregather, as occasion arose, to give vent to their indignation. Now that the lawyers have hold of the estate, it is useless, of course, to ponder its eventual disposition; but the probabilities are that the deviator had in mind, and really intended, as a boon to his fellow-men, a retreat for indignant ladies. If he had meant "indigent" he might have said so.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE ill-luck of yachtsmen who essay to "lift" cups has passed into a proverb. The famous "America" Cup has long remained on this side the Atlantic, and while the handicap of having to cross the ocean has been urged as the sole reason for the failure of the challengers, still there is no doubt that even Sir "Tea" Lipton himself would admit that this explanation does not go to the root of the trouble. The challengers for the Seawanhaka Cup have labored under no such handicap, and yet for six years this trophy has remained in possession of Canadian yachtsmen.

This year's contest for the Seawanhaka Cup was concluded on Lake St. Louis on Monday last. Out of four races, during which weather conditions were fairly favorable, the Canadian boat, "Trident," defeated the challenging "American" yacht "Tecumseh" three times, by margins of 14, 1 and 5 minutes, respectively, thus proving conclusively that she is the faster boat. The luck is certainly with the Canadian yachtsman, who, in spite of challenges from the products of the best United States designers, continues to show the way to the winning buoy.

In the open races of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club on Saturday last, Mr. George H. Gooderham's "Invader" was the winner by about seven minutes.

The garden party of the Yacht Club in celebration of the crowning of His Majesty was supplemented by an interesting game of bowls on the Island greens. The Victoria Club sent over five rinks which played a close game with the yachtsmen, re-losing in a win for the latter by two shots. On the same day six rinks from the Canada Club visited the Granite grounds, the home players winning by a score of 171 to 125. The Parkdale bowlers journeyed to Guelph on Coronation Day. The Guelph men are strong bowlers, and the Parkdale representatives were beaten by 25 shots.

The default of Orangeville to Brantford last Monday and the strong probability that they will not appear again this season removes from Senior C.L.A. lacrosse an interesting factor in the struggle for the pennant. While the famous Dufferins had perhaps no chance of coming out on top, they could at least be relied on to put up an interesting argument against even the leaders in No. 1 District, and the incessant flukes in this season's lacrosse games might have assisted them in keeping speculation as to the final result of the series interesting to the end. The Tecumseh surprised everybody by their showing against St. Catharines on Saturday, the Athletics on their own grounds barely succeeding in keeping the score a tie. The natural inference from this result would be that the Indians should win on the Island grounds to-day, but here again the inconsistencies of lacrosse will no doubt pull out a victory for the visiting Athletics. At this date indications point to the struggle between Brantford and St. Catharines resulting in the final triumph of the former team.

In the "big league" the only Coronation Day game was that between Montreal and Toronto in Montreal. The game was said to be a fair exhibition of lacrosse, and the usual "regrettable incident" was not wanting. The result of 4 goals to 2 in favor of Toronto, and the reported inability of the winners to work an effective scoring combination, would indicate the need of a general reorganization of Toronto's home before they can hope to do anything with the strong defense of either the Capitals or the Shamrocks.

That the crowning of the King should have been celebrated by good games of the national pastime of old England in His Majesty's loyal Province of Ontario, was but fitting, and Toronto cricketers contributed some first-class exhibitions to the celebration. The Toronto Cricket Club met a Parkdale eleven at Exhibition Park, winning by a margin of 25 runs. In this game Mr. H. Lowmibrough did some excellent bowling, taking nine wickets for 26 runs. In the Church League St. Simon's and Grace Church played a game at Rosedale in which St. Simon's scored 81 to their opponents' 44. The feature of this game was the bowling of A. E. Millican and W. H. Cooper for the winners, while for Grace Church Messrs. Crichton and Collins sent in some hot shots, the former taking three wickets for 7 runs and the latter three wickets for 12. A junior Grace Church eleven beat the St. Alban's cricketers by a score of 67 to 31. For the winners Clark reached double figures, scoring 27 runs.

In the absence of Lou Scholes from the national rowing championships at Worcester, his old rival, C. S. Titus, was an easy winner in the championship singles. Great disappointment is felt at the non-acceptance of Scholes' entry, as the third meeting of the pair was looked forward to with great interest by sportsmen generally, who would have been disposed to accept the result as the final proof of superiority. The Argonaut eight also failed to make satisfactory arrangements for attending the regatta. The honor of Canadian aquatics, however, was ably upheld by the Winnipeg Rowing Club's four, who won the international four-oared event in record time.

Rosedale golfers added two victories to their list on Coronation Day. At Port Hope they won from the home players by a score of 31 to 2, and at Cobourg the local



MILKING TIME.

team was beaten for the first time on their own links by 16 to 12. For the victors Messrs. R. K. Sproule and G. S. Lyon made the top scores.

### Gleanings From "Old Moore."

NOTHING is easier than to prophesy—unless it be to gain credence for one's prophesying. This is illustrated in the case of "Old Moore's Almanac," that curious admixture of quackery and shrewd sense which has so long enjoyed a profitable popularity in England and to-day numbers its devout believers in that country almost by the million. "Old Moore" is always issued early—before other almanacs or calendars are in type. The 1903 edition is already out, and a copy has been sent to "Saturday Night."

It is amusing to read the vague and platitudinous paragraphs that pass current with thousands as oracular utterances. "Old Moore" very seldom ventures upon a prediction which can be interpreted in one way only, or which is not of a general character with the probabilities strongly in favor of its fulfillment. I have selected a few cases in point. For instance, amongst the prophecies for January next are to be found the statements that "toward the close of the month Death will stalk through the land, with a heavy hand cutting down many of the noted and gifted ones." This, of course, is an eminently safe prediction, because the death rate amongst the aged is usually severe at mid-winter, and noted people, as a rule, are not very young. Again, "Old Moore" predicts for February that "a heavy death rate will occur in the chief cities of England, and deaths from chest complaints will be much above the average." What could be more certain? For May we have the statement that "in a far-off land, on the soil of which the sun shines with heated and fiery rays, will be seen the withered corpses of those who died from famine and pestilence." Since there is always famine, more or less, in India, and it is always at its worst in the spring months, this also is a perfectly safe prediction. In June, we are informed, the "birth and marriage rates will be abnormally high." Towards the close of September "ferce and wild winds will blow, lashing the sea into angry and foaming billows." In November "the weather will be cold and wintry and chest complaints will be fatal and prevalent." On the same level as the above is a very great proportion of the long-distance forecasting that has made "Old Moore's Almanac" famous with people who would resent the suggestion that they could be "gulled."

Occasionally, however, the "Notable Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century" who writes the contents of "Old Moore" gets down to something definite. A great fire is to occur in London next January, and the King is to be in imminent danger on the 7th of that month. Indeed it would appear that the King is to have a pretty bad year of it, judging from the number of warnings to him to be well guarded and to take care of his health and person. Turmoil and bloodshed are predicted more or less throughout the year in Spain, China, Russia and the Balkan States. The time, says "Old Moore," is fast approaching for a great war—the bloodiest since the days of the Crusades. In January next, Russia, Germany and France are to be uneasy and the tramp of soldiers and the marshalling of armies will disturb the world. During the year progress is to be made towards the solution of aerial navigation—"flying machines will be the surprise of the day," but "more than one bold aeronaut will fall to sleep in the arms of death." The British Government is to have a hard time of it in Parliament, and will meet or only narrowly avert defeat, and a general election will probably be held. In May great strikes will agitate the United States and Great Britain. In July rebellion is booked to break out in the dominions of the Czar. In September dire shocks of earthquake will appal the inhabitants of the Eastern Archipelago. In October the dogs of war will be let loose in Spain, and at the very close of 1903 "Old Moore" promises bad news from South Africa, requiring the despatch of troops. Altogether the outlook is none too reassuring for those who had hoped that the world's troubles were ended for a time. The compiler of this priceless handbook for the multitude might have spared us—he might have been less glib and sensational, but in that case his sales would possibly have fallen away. And, after all, astrologers are only human.

#### THE SKEPTIC.

#### Bacon or Shakespeare.

After a long sojourn in the cheerless and desolate caves of oblivion, the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is once more in the center of the stage, with the limelight shining upon it and a huge chorus of argumentative cranks in a

#### DUMPED RIGHT IN THE WAY.



The Ohio "State Journal's" view of the refusal of the Coal Trust to arbitrate with the miners.

double row behind it. Some of the latest theories promulgated are as follows:

- That Bacon and Shakespeare were one and the same man.
- That Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays while in prison, serving a sentence of one year for profanely cursing and swearing on the public highway.
- That the name Bacon was merely Shakespeare's nom de plume, assumed because the bard was a nam actor.
- That Shakespeare, being ashamed of his plays, blamed Bacon.
- That Shakespeare invented the Baconian theory in order to mislead his creditors.
- That the real author of the plays was Bacon's father-in-law, a saloonkeeper named George W. Ferguson.
- That Shakespeare sold out his playwriting business to Bacon after writing half of the plays.
- That Shakespeare and Bacon were partners.
- That they were not.
- That maybe they were.
- That nobody knows whether they were or not.
- That nobody cares.



M. SERGE DE WITTE.

Russia's able Minister of Finance, who financed the Trans-Siberian Railway, and has now called together a conference of the Powers to consider measures to restrict the Trusts and apply in the economic domain the principles of The Hague peace conference.

#### Hunks of Wisdom.

##### First Hunk.

Think ere you speak. The stone tha's careless flung May be returned, and your own optic bung.

##### II.

Unstudied speech is like a high-flower kite Torn from its string. Who knows where 'twill alight?

##### III.

Cut out the sneer—the with'ring words of hate— Unless the other chap's a featherweight.

##### IV.

Don't give the lie to strangers twice your size: 'Twill change the color of your soulful eyes.

##### V.

Hard words are precious. Place them on the shelf. If you must say them, say them to yourself.

##### VI.

'Tis safer far to telephone your hate, And leave the rest to "Central" and to Fate.

#### The House of Bliss.

YOUNG MR. BLISS, only twenty-seven, but blessed with a wife and two children and cursed with a few bad habits, came tiptoeing into the house at day-break. After he had removed his shoes and slipped into the parlor the kitchen door opened suddenly and angry Mrs. Bliss stood before him, her pretty face distorted by a scowl. He looked just once, and with a show of bravado began to sing carelessly, "I've Wandered Through the Village, Tom."

"Yes," she interrupted, as he finished the first line, "you've certainly wandered, and it would never do to send a street car over your tracks."

"Such remarks are uncalled for," said Mr. Bliss reprovingly.

"What's the matter with your hat?" she demanded, ignoring his remark.

"Probably a compound fracture," he answered jauntily, "and if you'll look closely you'll probably find that I have also sustained a severe laceration of the coat sleeve. It's nothing to you, madam, but the fact is I've had a battle with footpads."

"It won't do," she said with a wise smile. "Our neighbor, Mr. Early, worked that on his dear wife only day before yesterday. It is too soon to use that joke again in the same block."

"Just as you please, dear," muttered Mr. Bliss. "It is too much for a man to ask his wife to believe him."

"Now that you're here," said Mrs. Bliss, "I hope you will get me some coal. Your appearance assures me that you are not likely to refuse on the ground that you are dressed up."

Mr. Bliss sputtered a little, but finally picked up the coal

bucket and disappeared through the back door. Distressing noises marked his passage to the cellar and twice Mrs. Bliss shuddered, but repressed her impulses and remained in the kitchen. After a while he reappeared with a bucket of coal. As he put it down he turned to his wife with a sour look.

"I like this triple arrangement of child guards—one to keep the babies from falling out of doors, another to keep them from falling off the porch and a third to keep them from falling into the cellar. It's very fine. I've just had a hurdle race with a ton of coal as a handicap and I fell at every jump."

Mrs. Bliss laughed, and he continued savagely, "Madam, the next time you may burn clothespins."

After that outburst came a lull. The children were sleeping soundly and Mrs. Bliss decided to give her erring husband a cup of coffee. As she helped him to sugar she said, gently:

"Algie, we ought to get a house with a larger yard."

"What for?" he asked. "I don't play in the yard much."

"Oh, you selfish beast. Have you no children?"

"That's so," he said, calmly, "I forgot."

Over the coffee he grew quite chummy and soon Mrs. Bliss was telling him of her attempt to read the latest popular novel. "I tried hard to get interested," she said, "but I grew so sleepy my head kept falling over."

"That comes," he remarked, "from having a head that is not well balanced."

"Algernon," she said, severely, "you are a wretch, a heartless wretch. This is what I get for staying home and economizing while you are down town throwing your money away; yes, throwing it away with both hands."

"But," he remonstrated, "I'm going to economize. Are any of these table knives sharp enough to shave with?"

"You'll never economize on yourself," predicted Mrs. Bliss. "You always begin on the household expenses."

"Not this time," he said, sweetly. "I've got ten left over from the night, and it's yours." With that he handed it over, and she kissed him and took back all the names she had called him.

"When you get your heart open like that, dear," she asked, archly, "why don't you put a wedge in it?"

Mr. Bliss frowned. "I suppose I'll have to put up with your abuse," he said. "Marriage is such a lottery."

"Yes," she replied, "and you were not even an approximation prize." Then she kissed him again and told him that she wouldn't trade him for a title and a million.—John Taylor Waldorf.

#### From Collingwood to Mackinac.

TO one whose eyes are wearied and whose ears are dinned with long dwelling 'mid the unlovely sights and sounds of the city, how ineffably refreshing the first glimpse of the deep, unswollen waters of the Upper Lakes—the first thought of that clean-washed, ether-laden atmosphere that broods in vast, blue silence over those lonely expanses of rock-rimmed and rock-pierced water. The Upper St. Lawrence, Ontario, Erie, St. Clair and its approaches, are small and tame. They bear the reflections of too many cities and smoking chimneys along their shores, and partake too strongly of the nature of a vast sewerage system. To get the native note of color, the original tincture of wave and sky, to get the richest and most lasting "tan" and the really unconquerable appetite, one must retreat afar from the wake of stone-hookers and the scud of coal-reek that are amongst the features of the Lower Lakes. Only on the bosom of the blue Georgian and the Upper Huron and Lake Superior—mightiest of freshwater seas—does one properly experience the sense of isolation, the impulse towards rest absolute and consummate, the Letos-eater's indifference to what has been left behind and what may be in store. A week on these waters frequently does the worn-out city toiler as much good as an ocean voyage or a long vacation.

Going north by train to Collingwood, to catch one's steamer—for a still favorite means of accomplishing a safe and pleasant voyage is by the Northern Navigation Company's boats from that port—one gets a foretaste of the treat, an "appetizer," as it were, in the glimpse of Lake Simcoe as the train rounds the curve at Allandale. Barrie is in the distance, on the opposite shore of Kempenfeldt Bay, and it is indeed a pretty picture upon which the eye rests—one that suggests the wider expanses of water that await one further north.

At Collingwood, whose enterprising citizens have made their home well known as a marine and industrial center throughout Canada, one has only time for dinner and the briefest inspection of the town ere the big black-and-white steamer casts off her lines. A very large part, perhaps the principal part, of the tourist traffic by these steamers is now "American." A great many wealthy United Statesers reside at Mackinac for the summer or make it a rendezvous from which trips are arranged. These, in large and increasing number, take in the rocky beauties of the Georgian Bay by the steamers of the Northern Navigation Company, which offer a fine itinerary and a very comprehensive choice of routes. The Mackinac trip is still wonderfully popular with Canadians, however, and when a steamer leaves Collingwood with her complement of tourist passengers she is pretty certain to have on board an interesting mixture of pleasure-seekers from various sections of both the Republic and the Dominion. Meaford and Owen Sound are ports of call before one leaves Old Ontario really behind. Both are enterprising and rapidly growing towns, with a wealth of natural scenery and many prosperous industries. Owen Sound has arrived at man's estate, so to speak, but prefers to keep on boy's clothes and remain an overgrown town rather than incorporate as an undersized city.

From Killarney to the Sault one finds the trip growing steadily in pleasure and interest. There is much to be seen of an instructive nature—for example, the numerous and great saw-mills, which are owned by United States companies, and would still be operated at Saginaw or other United States points were it not for the wise "saw-log policy" of Ontario. At the Sault, the instructive and the marvelous far outbalance the scenic, though the latter is by no means poor. Here are the gigantic industries promoted by Mr. Clergue, besides the three international locks through which more traffic pours than through the Suez Canal, a great railway bridge, and many other works of man upon which the practical mind may delight to dwell. But, after all, it is the scenery and the sail for which most persons have come so far, and between Killarney and the Sault it must be admitted that almost every inch of the route is picturesque, with a wild, large, primeval picturesqueness entirely foreign to the Lower Lakes.

Mackinac Island, whither the steamers sail from the Sault, and which has been visited by thousands of Canadian pleasure-seekers every season for the last eighteen or twenty years, is the same place as of yore—only that evidences of wealth and luxury are on the increase, for the natural charms of this magically beautiful isle become better appreciated with the passing of time, and many are the sons and daughters of Fortune who make it their home during a great portion of the year.

One of the best steamers of the Northern Navigation Company—though all are good—indeed the typical steamer of the line—is the "Majestic," built as recently as 1896, and equipped in the most modern fashion. The writer recently made the round trip from Collingwood on this vessel and can speak in the highest terms of the service and appointments throughout. Captain P. M. Campbell, whom thousands of Canadians have travelled with and value as a personal friend, is still in command on the bridge of this splendid vessel—the flagship of the company's fleet. All the officers and crew are courteous and efficient, and passengers invariably speak in flattering terms of the attention received at the hands of Purser McClelland and Steward Boyd, who naturally have much to do with the pleasure and comfort of those travelling in their steamer.

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How We Are Governed.

"I THINK," mused the Assistant Editor, as the two unusual visitors readjusted their crowns, linked arms, and departed with a jaunty air of self-importance, "I think it is up to Sir John Bourinot, Mr. W. H. P. Clement, and the other writers on constitutional subjects, to revise their theories of how we are governed. Like other British communities, much of our constitution is written, but more is unwritten. The British North America Act is a large part of our culinary equipment, but it doesn't hold all the milk in the cocoanut—not by a jugful. They have omitted to deal in their beautifully smooth treatises, these doctrinaire writers on politico-economic matters, with a large but important part of our unwritten constitution. They have left British Columbia judges and Toronto policemen out of the count in enumerating the repositories of power. This is a fearful blunder. Don't we all know that, practically speaking, these two dignitaries wield larger powers than the King himself on his throne? They've just been telling me all about it, but they needn't have gone to the trouble, for everyone who reads the papers has learned a few things about their rights and privileges. For instance, we all know that you mustn't argue with a policeman under any circumstances—it's no matter what he does or where he wants to go. Colonel Denison says so. There used to be a theory in English law that a man's house was his castle, but it's obsolete and invalid long ago. If a policeman should want to come into your parlor when there's company you must let him. If he should want you to walk on the sunny side of the street instead of the shady side, you must do as he bids you. If he took a notion to have you stand still in the same place for an hour, you have no recourse but to stand. Of course if he does you an injury the law assumes that you can get redress later on. Beautiful theory! It also assumes that the policeman is so humane, so intelligent, so well-instructed in his duties that he will never make a mistake and never inflict a hardship. Also a beautiful theory! Then think of the judges. The King couldn't put a coal-heaver in jail for an hour without the process and trial by his peers. But a judge can summons any man for contempt of court, and find him guilty and pen him off from his friends and family indefinitely. And it appears there is some doubt whether the Minister of Justice or the King himself could take that man from behind the bars till the judge was good and ready. Now, neither of these matters is mentioned in the text-books on the Canadian Constitution, and our youth are growing up with erroneous, incomplete and half-baked ideas of that system of checks and balances which is supposed to be the perfection of political wisdom. The text-books will have to be revised, and Colonel Denison of Toronto, together with Bill MacAdams of Sandon, B.C., will have to be called in to oversee the job."

## The Rejuvenation of Uncle Bob.

W HETHER because he had not married, and, therefore, felt time hanging heavily upon him, or because to his mother he had always been a boy, we could never determine, but the fact remained that, at forty, Uncle Bob was continually suggesting to some vague deity that he would not object to having twenty-five or thirty years taken from his load. Uncle Bob wanted "to be a boy again." But, while such a wish is expressed at some time or other by the majority of the male population old enough to vote, to say nothing of the dissatisfaction with their sex shown by many girls, Uncle Bob's longing had come to be an ever-present one. So, instead of offering him a penny for his thoughts, we with whom he lived would break in on his meditations with a solemn "Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight." For we regarded Uncle Bob's longing for the impossible chiefly on its amusing side. In planning a picnic we always took for granted that he would travel on a child's ticket; father's greeting to his brother-in-law was invariably, "Well, how's the boy now?" Even when on his fortieth birthday I presented him with a year's subscription to a juvenile paper, it was in fun rather than by way of ridicule.

Every year Uncle Bob takes a two weeks' fishing trip, during which we miss him, as we all say, "as much as if he were really a youngster." It was while he was away on the last of these trips that we younger members of the family planned amusement on a wholesale scale; we decided, on condition that we could gain the consent of the "older heads," including the victim himself, to treat our uncle as though he were a boy again. In addition to providing for Uncle Bob's consent we tried to prove to ourselves the justice of our cause by assurances that it would "do him good," that being, as we knew, from experience, the chief reason for punishing children. Though our plan met but little encouragement from the head of the house, it met as little opposition, but we promised mother that our amusement would be limited to one week. We wrote to Uncle Bob, and by return mail he signified his concurrence in our scheme. Blue-eyed Harry of eight summers was sent back to the farm, for we were afraid that if the play were successful he might try to keep it going for the whole season, and, moreover, our cast of characters called for "one only" juvenile.

With a unanimity that in other circumstances would have been flattering, I was chosen for the delicate duty of bringing Bobby from the station. I could not but feel the importance of this, the prologue of our play, but I soon found that I had overrated the part. For when I held out my hand to greet him, instead of mating it with his right Bobby placed his left in my right, and, coming to my side, said, "I've been away a long, long time, haven't I?"

However, I believe it rather startled him to be kissed by the girls, and he had to work hard to play the part when we asked him if he had been a good boy while he was away. But by the time dinner was served our young uncle was acting his part nobly. With becoming humility he enquired if he might have another piece of cake, and he seemed to realize that "children are to be seen, not heard." No one paid any attention when Bobby, a boy save in appetite, slipped away from the table. But when one of the girls came in a few minutes later with a newly-lit cigar held clumsily in her fingers and said, "Look at what I took from Bobby," we were all properly horrified; and there was a general run over to Mr. Smith's, Bobby, and tell him that I would like to see him." Even mother entered into the spirit of our fun by calling upon her little brother to give

up the evening paper till the others had read it. Soon afterwards Jessie found our one-time middle-aged uncle in the parlor, and we were delighted to hear her say, "Come, now, Bobby, Mr. Walton will be here in a few minutes; run away outside and play, that's a good boy." But the hit of the evening was made by father. Just as the clock struck nine we were momentarily startled by the command "Bed-time, Bobby!"

During the first two days our would-be youngster entered heartily into the fun, but by the middle of the week he was evidently wishing to be a man again. Seeing that what he had regarded chiefly as an amusement was likely to prove a cure for Uncle's dissatisfaction with middle age as compared to boyhood, we kept constantly in his mind the idea of his extreme youth. "Where's Bobby?" could be heard at all times during the day, and each time must Bobby answer promptly, "Here I am," and put away his book or writing to "run a message" or receive instruction calculated to make him a better man.

But on the fourth evening, having been warned that he "mustn't go out," our little boy planned his revenge; he suddenly became possessed of an insatiable desire for knowledge on every known and some unknown subjects. Meal times became seasons of question and attempts at answering. We were questioned singly and in groups, till in self-defence we were compelled to leave Bobby much to himself. This unexpected turn in affairs left us nothing to do but wish for the end of the week—and answer questions.

Promptly on scheduled time Uncle Bob became himself again. He and I had a very interesting chat on our way to the station to meet Harry. We carefully avoided any reference to the events of the week, but at sight of his young nephew Uncle Bob exclaimed feelingly, "Well, I don't wonder that the poor kid sometimes wishes he were a man."

W. A. C.

## Last Sonnets of an Office Boy.

I's over now; the blow has fell at last;  
It seems as though the sun can't shine no more,  
And nothing looks the way it did before;  
The glad thoughts that I used to think are past!  
My desk's shut up to-day, the lid's locked fast;  
The keys where she typewrote are still; her chair  
Looks sad and lonesome standin' empty there—  
I'd like to let the tears come if I da'st.

This mornin' when the boss came in he found  
A letter that he'd got from her, and so  
He read it over twice and turned around  
And said: "The little fool's got married!" Oh,  
It seemed as if I'd sink down through the ground,  
And never peep no more—I didn't, though.

The chap's a beau we didn't know she had,  
He come from out of town somewhere they say;  
I hope he's awfully homely and that they  
Will fight like cats and dogs and both be sad!  
But still there's one thing makes me kind of glad:  
The long-legged clerk must stay and work away.  
And, though he keeps pretendin' to be gay,  
It's plain enough to see he's feelin' bad.

I wish when I'm a man and rich and proud  
She'd see me tall and handsome then and be  
Blamed sorry that she didn't wait for me,  
And that she'd hear the people cheerin' loud  
When I went past, and down there in the crowd  
I'd see her lookin' at me sorrowfully.

## A Novelty of Rapid Transit.

R APID transit has developed a new incident. A paragraph in the newspapers says that the general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad has authorized the statement that through passengers on the new twenty-hour limited express between New York and Chicago will get a rebate on their fares if the train is late. The fare by this train is eight dollars more than the standard fare. But if the train is an hour late the passenger gets a dollar back; if two hours late, two dollars; four hours, four dollars; and so on probably up to eight dollars. That seems a step in the right direction. The passenger pays a bonus for excessive speed, and if the company fails to deliver the speed, it gives him back his money. We are used to paying the bonus for high speed, but this getting back the money is a novelty. This general passenger agent is ready for a better world than ours.

## Arbitration Applied to Domestic Service.

T HE Chicago Housewife Association is evidently determined to put domestic service on a scientific basis. Its latest move in that direction is to appoint a standing arbitration committee of three members, to which are to be submitted all questions of dispute between mistresses and servants. The decisions of the committee are to be binding on both parties to a dispute, the penalty in case of a recalcitrant mistress being expulsion from the association, while a servant who fails in her duty will forfeit the right to refer future employers to the headquarters of the association. Every maid on completing one year of service in the family of one of the members of the association is to be given a diploma, and at the end of the second consecutive year is given the choice of a seal on her diploma or a cash premium of \$10, with an additional prize of \$5 for each succeeding year. The association is to establish an employment agency, and its constitution provides that a maid, taken ill after

four weeks' service in a family, shall be entitled to free medical attention. The efforts of this association to bring order out of the present chaotic condition of domestic service are worth the attention of women in every city in the country, thinks "Harper's Weekly."

## Thinking of Nothing.

W HAT does one think about when one thinks of nothing? asks an exchange. It would be of thrilling interest if we could make our way into what seems the vacant spaces of the minds of our friends and find with what visions they are really peopled. There are certain occasions, for example, on which everybody must be thinking of something, and when it is yet conventionally suitable to make no sign. When we are listening to music, what goes on in our minds? The musician would give much to know. When hundreds of folk are gathered in a great concert hall and the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" peal out, it might well be startling if an instantaneous picture could be taken of the mind of every wife, husband, maiden, lover, widow and spinster who listens to the music. When heads are bowed at grace before meals, or when a benediction speaks its mystic message to the soul, the thoughts that throng through the minds would make a strange commentary on human life and character. We scarcely know ourselves in these regions of involuntary thought. Not a day passes but some moment that should be laden with one emotion catches up its arms full of another and widely different feeling. In our inmost hearts we often smile at funerals and weep at weddings, and are grimly lonely at the gayest festivities, weary in the full tide of joy, flippant when we should be reverent, wandering when we should be serious. There has been no Roentgen ray discovered that could light up these secret places of the mind, and until there is we shall remain largely a mystery to one another, and even to ourselves.

## Peculiar.

The retiring Chinese Minister, Wu-Ting-Fang, in a lecture on his countrymen, discussed the question, "Are the Chinese Peculiar?" He quoted from Bret Harte's famous poem, "The Heathen Chinee," and concluded:

"From your standpoint we are peculiar, but from our standpoint you are peculiar. Which we are depends on the point of view. In China we have always been in the habit of accepting a man's word in all business transactions. That is peculiar, isn't it? You exact a writing from him, and since foreigners have begun to settle in China, the ancient custom of trusting a man's word is not so popular. Chinese merchants now exact some kind of writing from their foreign customers. We respect age, while you respect muscle and brawn. We respect age because wisdom and experience seem to be its natural companions. Peculiar, isn't it? From your point of view Hercules is your hero."

## Bulwer-Lytton's Workshop.

W HEN Charles Mackay was visiting Lord Lytton at Knebworth (which, by the way, is now the country seat of Lord Strathcona), he was impressed, he says in his "Recollections," with the beauty of the library. He remarked to the novelist that in such a cheerful room among so many books any author could get through a vast amount of labor. "I cannot write so well in the library," replied Lord Lytton, "as in another place. Take a stroll with me and I will show you my favorite study." They went for a considerable distance to the shore of an artificial lake in Knebworth Park, and there stood a boathouse. A small boat was drawn up on one side of it, and on the other, near a small window, stood a chair and a common deal table, on which was a pewter inkstand. Pulling open the drawer, Lord Lytton showed his guest a good supply of paper, pens and a blotting-board. "I can write more freely here," he said, "than in the grand library. I will tell you how the habit grew. When I was a small boy I was very ambitious to write, and wrote an immense amount of trash. My mother thought that the occupation of so much time in writing would be injurious to my health, and prohibited my writing in the library. I then had recourse to my bedroom, but was in due time banished from that, and deprived of pen and ink. The more imperatively I was forbidden to write, the more I indulged in the prohibited joy. I took refuge in the boathouse and wrote for hours with a lead pencil, using the seat of the boat for my writing table. So I learned to write here, and I can do better work here than anywhere else."

## His Epitaph.

The weather man lay dying.  
Mentioning to his sobbing friends, he waited until they crowded about his bed to listen to his last words. After giving directions for the disposal of his property to the best advantage, and outlining the general features of his funeral, he murmured,  
"And I want you to put up a nice tombstone for me, with these words carved on it: 'Probably cooler.'"  
"Judge."

God has given the poet an imagination so that he can have the pleasure of thinking of things he would do if he had money.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Brown—Are you anything of a linguist? Jones—Well, I can read and understand French, German, golf, and automobile, but I can't talk 'em.—"Automobile Magazine."

## AT THE CORONATION BONFIRE.



The Mayor—When I see those editorial bulls smouldering amid the tar-barrels, I feel like Luther when he burnt the papal bull before the Diet of Worms.

## A Latter-day Fable From Paris.

T HE following fable no doubt owes its origin to the gigantic frauds recently reported from Paris. It will be remembered that clever swindlers by virtue of an alleged multi-millionaire's estate were enabled to live for years in regal splendor—faring sumptuously every day.

Now it came to pass in the days of King Ananias and His Royal Consort Sapphira that there lived a wise man whose name was Humbuggio.

One day certain of his friends, beholding him in the street, and perceiving that he rubbed his hands one upon the other, and gave other signs of unusual joy, exclaimed, "Tell us, O Humbuggio, the cause of this thine unseemly mirth."

And he answered and said unto them, "What?" And thereunto he added "Ho!" "Behold my uncle, Ali Baba, is dead, and he has left me the robbers' cave with all that is in it. Sesame!"

Then said they, "Then thou art rich, Humbuggio."

"Nay," he replied, "not yet, for I have vowed a vow that the cave shall remain sealed and the treasure be untouched for forty years save one." Then said he, "Go to, now; lend me a talent."

And they answered and said unto him, "Be content; take two talents."

And he took them and was content.

And lo! the princes of that land came to him with one accord and said to him, "O Humbuggio, whatever is ours is thine, if so be that thou wilt give us a share at the opening of thy cave."

And Humbuggio made as though he would close his eyes, but it came to pass that, while one was shut, the other remained open.

And when Humbuggio had gathered in more talents and shekels than he could count upon the fingers of Briareus the hundred-handed, there came unto him certain of his creditors and said, "Go to, now, with thy vow! Open the cave." And he would not.

But they pressed him sorely, and at last they prevailed. And lo! in the cave was found nought save a button that had in its day borne the burden of the braces of Ali Baba, and a weapon wherewith is opened the tin of the juicy sardine.

Then, looking one at another, they said, "Behold! it is a prophecy! For are not we, too, upon toast?"

And after leaving a certain season for sorrow and lamentation they said, "Cause all the doors to be shut, that Humbuggio escape not."

But Humbuggio was already speeding across the seas, with fingers outstretched from the mid-member of his countenance, mocking them.

And the princes of that land looked first at their empty purses, and secondly at one another, and said, "Are we not all in the same straits?"

And another, speaking sorrowfully, added, "If he were not a good man, at least he was great; and had he but lived three thousand years later what a poker-player he would have made!"



The Farmer—Pierp, now's your chance to organize a rain trust and curtail production.—St. Paul "Pioneer Press."

## His Favorite Drink.

T HERE was a big religious revival going on in a Texas town, conducted by Sam Jones, and he was stirring things up in that section of the world. The town was wrought up over his sayings. One day he found himself in possession of a bottle of good old wine, which had been sent to him as an evidence of good faith in a profession made by some man who had decided to quit the rum habit. Sam Jones had no use for the wine. In a jocular way he presented the wine to the newspaper crowd, telling the boys they might manage to get a little inspiration out of it. One of the boys, in writing a little skit about the thing, said Mr. Jones had given the wine to the boys of the press and had incidentally mentioned the fact that buttermilk was his favorite drink. The little town was the hub of the buttermilk belt. Enough milk was produced in that part of Texas to float a navy. The newspaper notice had a marvellous effect. It brought forth the buttermilk, and it came in all sorts of quantities to the hotel where the evangelist was stopping. Buckets, bottles and cans and utensils of almost every kind were left at the eating place for the Georgian. Milk bells were ringing and milk wagons were rolling up to the place during all the day. I never saw so much buttermilk in my life. Sam Jones, if he had lived to be as old as Methuselah, could not have consumed the quantity of milk which had been hauled, carried and "toted" to the hotel by Texans who read the little squib in the newspaper about buttermilk being the favorite drink of the evangelist. Sam Jones was somewhat annoyed by the thing at first, but the funny part of the situation dawned on him and appreciating the good spirit of the offering he got a good deal of fun out of it all.

## Commercial Appreciation.

T HERE is a practical joker in Chicago, according to the papers there, who deserves to be classed with the doctor in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." The doctor's conversation with the guide in relation to the mummy is hardly more amusing than this man's conversation with a guide in relation to Niagara Falls. He recently made his first trip to the falls, and a guide that he hired was trying to impress him with their magnitude.

"Grand!" suggested the guide.

"Great!" acquiesced the Chicagoan, stolidly.

"Magnificent!" persisted the guide, disappointed at the lack of enthusiasm.

"Finer than the bear trap dam in the drainage canal," admitted the Chicagoan.

The guide looked to see if he was joking, but there was never a smile. The Chicagoan seemed to be interested, but not at all impressed.

"Millions of gallons a minute," explained the guide.

"How many in a day?" asked the Chicagoan.

"Oh, billions and billions!" said the guide.

The Chicagoan looked across and down and up, as if gauging the flow, and then turned away disinterestedly.

"Runs all night, too, I suppose," he remarked, nonchalantly.

The guide was dazed, and he had not recovered when the Chicagoan left.



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5 TRIPS DAILY  
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On and after June 11th will leave Yonge Street  
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Mileage tickets are used very generally by persons who travel at all regularly in the State of New York. The liberal conditions under which these tickets have been issued induce almost every family to purchase a mileage ticket, so that very often a person will make a trip on a slight excuse, having in the house the means of traveling without at the time paying out any money.

It is estimated that there are used of New York Central mileage books alone from seven to ten million miles per month. Notwithstanding that the courts have decided that the Act of the Legislature of New York obliging railroads to issue mileage tickets is unconstitutional, the New York Central still continues to sell them under the same liberal conditions as before. Perhaps this is one of the reasons for the steady increase in the passenger traffic of the New York Central and its leased lines.

People appreciate low rates for travel and liberal arrangements under which the low rates can be secured. They dislike red tape and want to avoid it as much as they can. The direct, straightforward two-cent per mile mileage ticket suits them exactly, and practically everybody on the Central has one.—From the Buffalo "Commercial."

### Anecdotal.

A good story is told of twin brothers, one of whom was a clergyman and the other a doctor. A short-sighted woman congratulated the latter on his admirable sermon. "Excuse me, madam," was his reply, "over there is my brother, who preaches; I only practice."

A friend tells me, says "M. A. P." that he met Mr. Balfour one evening at a dinner party, when the conversation

"The Book Shop."

# PAPER FOR SUMMER

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turned on the importance in life of self-confidence. My friend repeated the saying, "God give us a good conceit o' ourselves." Mr. Balfour heard it, and, bending across, added: "And that, sir, is the only prayer the gods always answer!"

United States Senator Heifeld told this story in a recent speech: "An Irish friend of mine, named Flaherty, had a conversation with me about another Irishman we both knew. 'O'Grady seems to be doing well where he is,' I said. 'Ah!' said Flaherty, 'but he'll not last long in it.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'He seems to be doing well.' 'True for ye,' said Flaherty, 'but he'll not last a month. I've said so ever since he got the job two years ago, an' I say so now.'"

A little girl had listened during the last few weeks while her parents discussed the high price of meats and vegetables at the table, and the child had been heard to speak about the high price to her playmates while "playing house" with them. Recently the mother presented the family with a bouncing baby boy, and the other child was well pleased. In telling about her new brother to a neighbor one night she exclaimed: "The doctor brought him this morning. He's awful big. Wasn't mamma good to buy such a big baby when meat is so high?"

In Pickaway County, Ohio, there is a certain crossroads, where a patient teacher struggles daily with the development of the young idea. One morning she was giving the school a lesson in geography. "What is a cataract?" she asked. There was absolute silence in response, and she explained the meaning of the word. "What is a cape?" This was better. One of the children knew it was a point of land jutting out into the water. "What is a strait?" Over in the corner a hand went up. "I know, teacher," said a small boy. "Well, what is it?" "It beats three of a kind," was the triumphant answer.

One day, in the summer of 1857, Abraham Lincoln was sitting in his office when he was visited by one of his neighbors, an excellent farmer, but one inclined to increase the size of his crops even after harvesting. He had given, on this particular morning, a skillfully padded account of the hay he had put in. "I've been cutting hay," too," remarked Mr. Lincoln. "Why, Abe, are you farming?" "Yes." "What you raise?" "Just hay." "Good crop this year?" "Excellent." "How many tons?" "Well, I don't know just how many tons, Simpson, but my men stacked all they could outdoors, and then stored the rest in the barn."

Commenting on the tipping habit abroad, a traveler says: "From America the cabmen expect much liberality, and in case of disappointment are prepared to be sarcastic and otherwise disagreeable. On one occasion I took a hansom in London for a distance well within the four-mile limit. I gave the cabman half a crown. He looked at me with much impudence, and said: 'You have made a mistake, sir.' I reached for the coin, and, putting it in my pocket, said: 'So I have. Much obliged to you.' Then I handed him one shilling, his exact fare. He was as angry as a cabman permits himself to be in a country where the police will take the word of him who seems to be a gentleman against that of a cabman every time."

When William Jennings Bryan visited Milwaukee during his stupping tour of 1896, the omnipresent Andrew Jackson voter was introduced to him. "Mr. Bryan," said the chairman of the committee, "we desire to introduce, sir, Mr. Amos Jones of our city, who cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson, has voted the Democratic ticket at every national election since then, and intends to vote for you, sir, on the third day of November next. Mr. Bryan, Mr. Jones; Mr. Jones, Mr. Bryan." "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," said the candidate. "Glad to meet you," responded Mr. Jones; and then, with his hand behind his ear: "What name, please?" It is said that Bryan saw the humor of the situation, while the committee men were thrown into a state of consternation.

A certain Yankee naval officer, noted among his friends and colleagues for his bumptious egotism, has an old mammy cook, who was brought up in her master's family and understands all of his idiosyncrasies. Lately the ice left at his house has not been up to the standard, and Mammy Jane complained to the man who delivered it, saying that "Mar's George" would not have such ice, and there must be an improvement. "Well, mammy," replied the ice man, "I don't know what to do about it. God Almighty made this ice, and the ice God Almighty makes ought to be good enough for anybody." "Yes, honey," replied the old negress; "yes, honey. De ice de Lord makes is good 'nuf fur anybody. Least-est it's good 'nuf fur me, an' it's good 'nuf fur you, an' it's good 'nuf fur Miss Sallie an' de child'n, but Mar's George he won't think it's good 'nuf fur Mar's George."

Mayor Low's secretary, James B. Reynolds, is authority for the following anecdote, which connects the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with the originator of "Huck Finn." The Stowe house at Hartford was situated close to the Clemens place, and not infrequently Mr. Clemens is known to have "shinned" over the back fence, his cornucopia pipe in his mouth, collar and cravat any where but on him. These informal visits were a source of considerable annoyance to Mrs. Clemens, who frequently remonstrated with her husband on the subject. On the occasion of one particularly long call of this sort, the indignant wife read her spouse a severe curtain lecture. Returning from this, saddened and repentant, the mournful humorist carefully wrapped up a collar and cravat in a sheet of brown paper and despatched them to Mrs. Stowe, with the following explanatory note: "Mrs. Clemens tells me that I spent half an hour at your house this morning without the enclosed articles. Therefore I must ask you to look at them for that length of time. P. S.—Please return them; they are all I have."

"I saw Johnson going home with my new bowler hat," said a woman.

"Yes. Just built him a house and his wife wanted some bric-a-brac in red and gold to scatter around."

## Bliss. Blister.

### The Homing Flight. A Problem in Psychology.

IF it be possible for the angels to look down upon the world, how the very first thing that must strike them is the dissatisfaction, unhappiness and selfishness of the lot of us! It isn't one person in a thousand, as a liberal percentage, who cultivates the happiness of doing for others. Here and there is a life aglow with the lovely warmth of charity and helpfulness for anything but self, here and there a less bright radiance from the being devoted to immediate ties, his and her own family, which is, after all, extended selfishness. And once in a blue moon a creature so blessed with love and harmony and emotional content and satisfaction that it is true when they say, "I am quite happy." Such a one has looked at me with sweet eyes this day, eyes full of the mystery and wonder of what is to be. Eyes, I think reverently, such as the ever-blessed Mother must have turned upon the grave and elder woman Elizabeth when she came to visit her. It is a benediction to meet those eyes and hear that gentle "I am so happy." And for once, if the angels look down, they will smile.

"How do you ever get along with that woman?" wondered a friend to a "companion" whose employer was noted for her unreasonable and cranky temper. "When you went to her I gave even you just three months to get enough of it." "She is cranky, I don't deny," said the companion, with an Irish twinkle in her gray eyes. "Cranky enough for two," and the women looked at one another and laughed. "You are wise, and I am foolish," said the friend, heartily. "I should never have discovered that simple solution of it."

What a never-ending wonder is modern reporting! One cannot help wishing as one reads the graphic, minute, and exquisitely detailed accounts of the Imperial event of last Saturday that some such account were on tap of the crowning of kings of old. I should read with interest the exact description of the crowning of that brash and emphatic William of Normandy, whose generation of feminine folk with awe exceeding and served many a woman's righter as a target for her finger of scorn. I once heard an Anglophobe cry out in his discourse, "An English king! Successor to that one who beat the girl who dared refuse him, rolled her in the mud, and, having quenched her heaven-given spirit of independent womanhood, married her. Sisters, we would be rolled over acres of mud before we'd own such a tyrant!" And a bold, bad man, who doubted, crowed from the back seat: "I'd hate to chance it." The crowning of Edward the "Confessor," who married a wife but lived a monk, would have been a contrast to that of last week, and that of the first Edward of "England," not so far dissimilar, since it took place in August in the Abbey, and there was the sturdy and impolite Welsh people who wouldn't play in Edward's back yard on that occasion instead of his Worship of Kilkenny. The King whipped them speedily into manners, which is I fancy more than Edward our Own will be able to do with the recalcitrant Irishman.

I have received a most extraordinary letter from a woman in the East, who tells me that she is the mother of four fine children, three of whom she loves devotedly, but the fourth of whom she regards with a curious mixture of dislike and impatience. This unfortunate little being is the youngest, and she describes her as a mischievous, misanthropic, silent child, as unlike the others as possible. "My husband," writes the mother, "is not impressed, I am sure, in the same way. He is a man of large affairs, much away from us, and takes little notice of the children, who are not much with us. I have several times tried to discover if our daughter has impressed him as different from the rest, but from a sense of justice to her, have not directly discussed the peculiar influence she emanates in my direction." Perhaps most of us have felt such an influence, although it is to be hoped not in so close a relationship as should exist between parent and child. "What would you do to counteract this weird and distressing inclination I have to shun and almost fear my strange little girl?" asks the woman, who has honored me with her name and confidence. Well, roughly speaking, I should kill it, and should make up my mind I was stronger than any uncanny psychic emanation whatever. Don't think of it and worry over its weird and unnatural influence. Perhaps the little child is also ignorantly suffering for lack of your tenderness and love. I don't like the remark, "They are not much with us." The three little youngsters whom you love so well don't appeal to me as does the little red-haired, green-eyed girl who looks at you furtively and prefers her nurse to you. I should be very good to that little girl. Talk to her, read with her, remembering all the time that you are stronger, wiser and older, and must be the director and refuge of your "changeling." Fancy what a wonderful thing she must be to make you feel her power, and what a triumph you can achieve when you have laid this uncanny mistrust and unrest and found the key to her mysterious personality. Don't mind any amount of patience and self-discipline, and always believe that love can control and win the way to the riddle. 'Twill be a sweet victory.

Our tourists are returning with all sorts of spoils from city and country. Some bring gowns from London and others brass baskets from Muskoka. One lady has broadened her a's, and one young man's moustache is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual Paris. A dame of high degree has brought back a love for other countries and a distaste for Canada and wooden fences and houses. Her artistic soul will adjust itself in time. Tales of comfort and discomfort, loud mouthings of Lord this and the Duke of that, and mentions of honors general and particular, and routs from the greatest of all cities, and exquisite week-ends in the sweet English country homes of the elect. It has been a full summer for many an eager Canadian, and they are giving us the benefit of the overflow. Cheer up, you stay-at-home folk. The worst is yet to come. They may, some of them, begin to write about what they saw, and how many dukes and earls they hobnobbed with. And we shall suffer even more gladly for we like those babblers, and are glad to welcome them back.

And you whose eyes are getting a bit weary of coronation odes and rhapsodies, why, there's no law in the land compelling you to read them, and there are heaps of people who find them still as charming as they did a month ago.

Some of us who have heretofore elected to stay at home will now quietly elect away across the sea. London is, of course, impossible socially at this season, but you bargain-faced girl, just think of the harvest in the shops, and you woman who loves fun, think of the yarns still unburied about the folk and the doings of the last few weeks! And there will be, let us pray, decent weather for a month or so. Good-bye! I'm off!

## The Old Way

Of Treating Stomach Trouble and Indigestion, a Barbarous and Useless One.

We say the old way, but really it is the common and usual one at the present time, and many dyspeptics and physicians as well, consider the first step in attempting to cure indigestion is to diet, either by selecting certain food and rejecting others, or to greatly diminish the quantity of food usually taken.

In other words, the starvation plan is by many supposed to be the first essential in the cure of weak digestion. The almost certain failure of the starvation cure for stomach trouble has been proven time and again, but still the usual advice, when dyspepsia makes its appearance, is a course of dieting.

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish and unscientific to recommend dieting or starvation to a person suffering from dyspepsia, because indigestion itself starves every organ and every nerve and fibre in the body.

What is needed is abundant nutrition, not less, and this means plenty of good, wholesome, well-cooked food, and some natural digestive to assist the weak stomach to digest it.

This is exactly the purpose for which Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted, and this is the way they cure the worst cases of stomach trouble.

The patient eats plenty of wholesome food, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets digest it for him. And this is in accordance with nature and common sense, because in this way the whole system is nourished and the overworked stomach rested, because the tablets will digest the food, whether the stomach works or not. One of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 1,800 grains of meat, eggs, and similar food.

Any druggist will tell you that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a remedy of extraordinary value, and probably is the purest and safest remedy for stomach troubles.

No person suffering from poor digestion and lack of appetite can fail to be immediately and permanently benefited if they would make it a practice to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal.

### Love Taps.

Yes sah, strangleah,  
Dat am straight;  
Dis' mule am  
Mos' fectionate!

Lubs me like  
A brudder! See  
How he flop  
Dat 'ear at me!

Whoa dar, Rastus!  
Watch im shake  
Han's jess like  
A candidate!

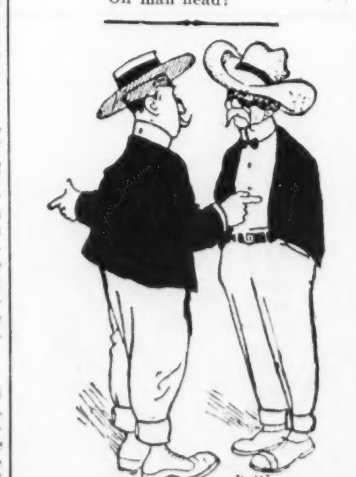
Hi dar, Rastus!  
Let 'im see  
How yo' gwine  
Shake han's wif me!

See 'im smilin'!  
Who say mule  
Am a sho' nuff  
On'ry fool!

Peared to me  
Dat jess' now I  
Heard ole Gab'el  
Passin' by!

Yes sah! Rastus  
Sho' lubs me!  
Kaze why? Lawdy!  
Don't you see?

I mos' sho'ly  
Would be dead—  
But he landed  
On mah head!



Jones—Yes, Smith, old man, I'm going to economize on car fares, and walk home from the office every day. By the way, let's go and have something. It's a long way home.

"Is your husband a bibliomaniac?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle, as she was being permitted to view the treasures in the library of the new neighbors. "Mercy sakes, no," replied Mrs. Pakenham, "he never bibles a bit. Oh, of course, I don't say that he wouldn't take a little at his meals if the rest were done, but that's as far as he ever goes in them kind of things."

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## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or post-d cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Amv.—What an amiable person! "I always take advice, but never offence," say you. You are of very bright and quick perception, decided and alert, and the fiercest and not responsive to sentiment. You are careful of detail, have a great deal of self-respect, a pleasant temper and a practical, unimaginative nature, with a touch of humor and very fair judgment. On the whole, a distinctly pleasant little dame. By the way, it's not always wise to take advice. I rather imagine you are pretty wise yourself.

A Mother.—So the girls eat starch to whiten the skin. Well, a white skin isn't the fashion these days. Brown, golden, and the better, the better, the better. Another girl says it gave her indigestion and a year's misery and doctor bills? Too bad; but if one plays tricks with one's insides it always costs the trickster dear! I am quite pleased to have your superior authority to "give the warning," and hereby notify the starch-eaters of the possible result of their practice. 2. Your writing shows much intelligence, but not an adequate culture. You are worth of better than you have yet received. A natural aptitude and original force are shown. The 26th of October brings you under Scorpio, a water sign, and you appear to be a favorable specimen. The impulse to stop foolish practices which harm your fellows is rich in Scorpio helpfulness and other impulses of a fine sort are indicated. Your writing shows also a smart, capable, honest and sympathetic nature, adaptable, and frankness of expression. You don't fancy you are the assertive sort, nor have any desire to dominate. Rather you incline to be influenced and to influence others through gentler channels. Just a healthy-minded womanly creature, and probably the right sort for your non de dame.

Petrilius.—Your second letter just to hand with enclosed. I did not read one of you, but I forget which until I search the file. Why didn't you mention? Perhaps I may risk it, and do you anyway. You are a bit studied and deliberate in method, with quick fancy, some love of beauty, and imagination, some enterprise and a hopeful and buoyant turn of mind. Good temper and love of your fellows, but no great susceptibility is suggested. You think on rather formal lines, and hereby notify the starch-eaters of the possible result of their practice. It's not very aggressive. All the lines tell of easy, facile, pleasant ways and a personality not small in its own eyes.

Old Chelsea.—Did you receive your study safely? I am afraid I cannot do much with the July one. The writing has good points, but the piece of the letter you enclose is written upon lines, and is insufficiently developed to be fairly criticized. I think the question you ask is too important and too personal to be lightly decided by it.

Roma.—June 13th brings you under the full influence of Gemini, the Twins, a double sign, and the one of all the most likely to be unsettled when not carefully and properly developed. I always think of Gemini when I read St. Paul's confession that he was of two minds, for that's the predicament of many of the June people. So you hadn't a hot day at Calgary until the 21st of July. Why, you are worse than we are. You are a smart Gemini woman, quick and tenacious, frank, humorous, not very adaptable, and she Diogenes. I did laugh at the tub! There is a good deal of enterprise and some susceptibility, with much attention to detail and good sequence of ideas. It isn't a handsome specimen, but is clever and interesting. If you have not acquired poise and concentration you should lose no time in doing so.

Florodora.—I think among persons who have studied the matter that twenty-five years is the preferred age for a woman to "commit matrimony." I wish you the happiest of lives, and I think, if you are wise enough to content yourself with the modest beginning you speak of, you will be happy. A four-roomed house may contain all the elements of bliss, my girl. It has done so for many a young and old couple. Love in a cottage has somehow always seemed to me the costliest kind of affection. Certainly I'd like to taste the wedding cake, though I may not be able to acknowledge the receipt of it until October. Again I wish you happiness, and I think you're wise.

Brownie.—Thanks for offer of tips for the placing of my hat-corned, but I never hold it long enough to speculate, and, besides, I have nerves. I fear I should not be so happy as I am if I put any further strain on them. Apart from moral questions, which I haven't considered, I think speculation very hard work for a living. And it gives you wrinkles—you'll just see! You are practical, dominant, sympathetic, genial and very enterprising—an excellently developed Gemini who knows what she wants and generally gets it. You are decidedly fond of all the beauty and comfort of life, think clearly, and for all your talk of advice, are admirably self-reliant. There is much refinement and a clever and capable turn to your lines, with a good deal of culture.

S. A. M. First—I declare, a regular flight of June babies has flown in today! What you say of the non-resemblance of twins has often occurred to me. It seems as if sometimes the characteristics had been given half to

each twin. One might be generous, self-sacrificing and the slave of everyone who demanded service, and all the opposite characteristics be those of the twin born almost at the same hour. Half an hour of zodiacal and planetary changes would make a difference sometimes, but one often sees a complete contrast that my idea sticks in my mind. In the case of the sexes being different, I am not so clear. Your writing shows impulse, energy, adaptability, pretty fair discernment, a light, buoyant and soaring will, honest and candid method, pleasant and amenable disposition, rather inclined to optimism.

Twentieth Century.—Your letter and stamp received. I cannot give you delineation by post.

Miss Nobody.—Thanks. Make it six weeks. Your delimitation will be made in about that time, or, if it is urgent, ring me up!

Fat.—Same to you, my dear. See answer to Miss Nobody.

# Lilies and Roses of the Face

are brought out to perfection by use of our peerless "Facet Cream." "Spotless" is matchless for curing Liver Spots, etc. "La Beaute Face Powder" is extremely beneficial to the skin—a perfect protection from sea air, rubure, etc.

Face Massage a Specialty. Special Manicuring and Chiroprapy by skilled operators. Tel. Main 3617.

# La Beaute Toilet Co.

Parlors: 113 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO  
Madame Cunningham, Proprietress

## FOR RENT

A large business office on ground floor, and two small offices on first floor of Saturday Night Building, 26-28 Adelaide Street West. . . . Terms moderate. . . . Apply on premises. . . .

# St. Catharines Saline Spings

FOR Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Liver Complications, Etc.

Special attention given to Diet and Massage. Physicians are solicited to correspond with Dr. McCoy, Physician in Charge. Skilled attendants in Baths. Steam heat in each room. Elevator. Porcelain baths. Toilet-rooms on each floor. One and one-half hours' ride from Toronto without charge. Apply to—

The Welland Hotel & Sanitarium Co.

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## Windsor Salt Does Not Cake!

Best Grocers Sell It.

# THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

## WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

August 16, 1922

## Morality

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## Morality in Fiction.

TRIALS of novelists in criminal courts on the charge of corrupting the public and undermining morality and religion are not common occurrences. Flaubert was thus arraigned and tried by a jury for his "Madame Bovary," and that trial (which ended in an acquittal) is one of the most interesting events in the history of literature.

The critics now regard "Madame Bovary" as a highly moral book, while as literature it has become a classic.

Some years ago Belgium had a literary "affair" which attracted attention in all artistic circles, even beyond the border. Two leading novelists, Camille Lemonnier and Georges Ekhuys, were indicted and tried at Bruges, a quiet ancient town, for writing immoral, licentious, and pernicious fiction. The novels which had furnished the basis of the prosecution were "L'Homme en Amour" and "Escal-Vigor." Lemonnier made an eloquent and extraordinary speech to the jury, and he was ably defended. Both authors were acquitted.

Now Lemonnier has told the whole story, in disguised and changed form, in a novel with a purpose, a work whose hero represents the author himself. Most of Lemonnier's personal troubles and experiences connected with his literary tendency and artistic creed are made to befall the hero, a man of letters named Wildman, but certain domestic details and the final catastrophe of the novel, which is entitled "Les Deux Conscience" (The Two Consciences), are invented.

The novel is a plea and an apology—a plea for freedom in art, for toleration, for candid criticism of the existing social ills (religious, social, and artistic), for honest treatment of nature; an apology for the author's own philosophy of life, which is a sort of neo-paganism. The plot of the novel may be briefly summarized as follows:

Wildman, a novelist residing in Portmout, an unprogressive Belgian city, has evicted the hostility of his townsmen by the ideas and methods of his literary work. He is a neo-Hellenist; he shares the ancient Greek conception of harmonious development of body and mind; he believes in the purity of nature and the essential chastity of passion. He does not believe that the flesh is at war with the spirit and needs mortification and resistance. He holds this doctrine of the sinfulness of the body to be unnatural, blasphemous and superstitious, and he delights in the simple, natural, rude, but healthy, life of the plain people, attached to the soil and unconsciously realizing their oneness with universal life.

Wildman is engaged in writing a novel describing the gradual evolution of human ideals, the decline of the present conception of duty and morality, and the return, in a modified form, to the religion of nature. He pictures the passing of mankind into terra libera where the will to live and the joy of life are the ruling principles of conduct, and self-abnegation has ceased to be a virtue. Wildman's open assault on the Christian religion and its moral code are resented by his fellow-citizens, and he finds himself isolated, socially ostracized. His domestic life, at first thoroughly happy, becomes clouded and, finally, intolerable.

His wife is a devout Roman Catholic, and as such wholly out of sympathy with his notions. Her affection for him slowly fades away, and she grows to regard him as a lost and depraved man. They have a child, a boy, and the mother succeeds in completely estranging him from the father. The boy is sent to a convent school, and is never left alone with Wildman, who is ardently devoted to his family and suffers keenly from this separation.

At this time, a novel of his called "Terre Libre" is published, and the hostility of the conservative town becomes so acute that the authorities bring criminal proceedings against him as a corrupter of youth and advocate of vice and license. He is wounded to the quick by this charge, for he protests that not a line or word of his book is open to the charge of immorality. He becomes despondent and discouraged, though the authors of Belgium and France send him messages of sympathy and appreciation. He determines to defend himself before the jury of his townsmen, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his ideas and of the truth which is dear to him.

A preliminary investigation takes place and Wildman finds the examining magistrate stern, strenuous, resolute, though intelligent enough to comprehend that he is dealing, not with a wanton or mercenary offender, but with a sincere representative of another philosophy, another conscience. The prosecution is vigorous, prompted by a sense of duty, but the jury nevertheless acquits Wildman.

But while the jury is deliberating Wildman learns that his wife has resolved to educate their son for the priesthood. He commits suicide in a fit of despair, no longer caring about the outcome of the trial.

"The old society has just committed another crime," says Wildman's attorney to the court and jury when the verdict of not guilty is brought in. "The man whom you have acquitted of wrongdoing has been driven by persecution and bigotry to suicide."

The novel, "realistic" in a peculiar sense and even autobiographical and controversial, is declared by critics in the French press to be artistic and original, besides claiming attention as an impassioned appeal for "freedom of teaching" in fiction and for a wider view of morality than the conventional one.

## Bachelors of Commerce.

THE University of London talks of the establishment of a new university degree—that of Bachelor of Commerce. Such a degree has, it is said, already been established at Leipzig, Germany, in the technical schools there, but in England the proposition has only been discussed by various educational bodies. The idea is that commercial matters have of late assumed such a prominent part in all the great accomplishments of the past decade, that young men should be especially educated to take their places by the side of the great "Captains of Industry." The candidate for such a degree would give special attention to economics, to banking, exchanges, insurance, and the general machinery of business, to commercial, industrial and international law, to transport and communications, to trusts, trades unions, commercial and social ethics, and so on. There

would naturally be in his course of study a larger share of modern languages, since they are the instruments of international trade; while mathematics and science would also be very essential to the completion of such a course. In these days when practical matters are of so much more moment than theoretical, the suggestion of a degree of commerce is not surprising. Commerce interests fully nine-tenths of all the male population of a civilized country, and the policy of preparing young men for life by holding from them any but the meager details of commercial matters seems a little like a farce. It may be open to question whether a degree of Bachelor of Commerce is desirable, but there can be little doubt of one thing, that the ordinary college or university course would be broader and better if a rudimentary knowledge of business matters were crowded into it.

## Almost in Despair.

The Condition of Mrs. John Shott of Orangeville.

Suffered From a Burning Sensation in the Stomach—Food Became Distasteful and She Grew Weak and Dependent.

From the "Sun," Orangeville, Ont.

The "Sun" is enabled this week, through the courtesy of Mrs. John Shott, a lady well known and much esteemed by many of the residents of Orangeville, to give the particulars of another of those cures that have made Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a household remedy throughout the civilized world. Mrs. Shott, in conversation with our reporter, said: "About three years ago, while living in Igersoll, I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. The trouble first began with severe headaches, dizziness and sometimes vomiting. Next I suffered continually from a burning sensation in my stomach; food distressed me; I did not sleep well at night; lost flesh and became very weak. I was continually doctoring, but it did me no good. In fact, I was gradually growing worse, and despaired of ever being well again. One day a friend who called to see me strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She spoke so highly of them that I decided to take her advice, and I soon discovered that they were not like the other medicines I had been taking, and that I had at last found something to help me. I continued using the pills for perhaps a couple of months, when I found myself fully restored to health. I have always since enjoyed my meals with relish and have had no return of the trouble. With my experience I feel certain that if other sufferers around me will try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial they will find a certain cure."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich and nourish the blood and strengthen the nerves. It is thus that they cure such troubles as dyspepsia, kidney ailments, rheumatism, partial paralysis, heart troubles, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of misery. These pills never fail to drive away pain, bring a glow of health to the whole body and make despondent men and women bright, active and strong. Do not take any pills without the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

## Milk as a Means of Suicide.

IT is remarkable that so mild and intrinsically harmless a beverage as milk should be so frequently chosen as a means of exit into the other world. Yet at this summer season the lethal effects of milk seem to be much underrated. For example, we read in the despatches from California that "a prominent young man of Calaveras County died here to-day as a result of eating cherries and drinking milk." This is a slight variant from the usual combination. Probably the most deadly is pickles and milk. Strawberries and milk make despondent men and women bright, active and strong. Do not take any pills without the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Next to pickles and milk, probably the most deadly form in which the innocent fluid can be made to figure is the cheap ice cream combination. Despite the toughness of juvenile viscera, milk in the ice cream form, if judiciously administered, has been known to lay out in intestinal kinks many scores of children on Sunday school picnics. With their elders, the combination is not infrequently fatal. Of course it requires much care to make milk so deadly. In fact, with careless mixing this kind of ice cream may be taken with comparative impunity, or only a slight illness. When it is prepared with attention to the proper septic and toxic conditions, however, milk in this form may be looked upon as practically certain death; it would be invaluable as an apparently innocent means of hurrying off rich uncles, tardy spinster aunts, and other rich persons who linger superfluous on life's stage. In its most potent form, when the innocent milk has become merely a culture-bed for billions of ice cream ptomaines, the doctors call the mixture "tyro-toxin." This name is imposing and scientific sounding, and doubtless gives a certain chastened satisfaction to the mourners—much more than would plain milk.

To return to our original remark—it is extraordinary what pains people take to render deadly this harmless beverage. Even if the cow be sound, they will expose the milk to all manner of impurities—including typhoid germs—before they put it inside of them. Even if it be perfectly pure they take it at temperatures and under conditions that are unwise, if not dangerous. To take a glass of milk by itself is a sensible proceeding; to take it on top of a hearty meal composed of proteids, carbohydrates, and hydro-carbons, is most unwise; to take it with acids is to woo dyspepsia. Yet the latter method is the one most preferred, for cream is used as a mechanical lubricant with all manner of acid fruits.

As to temperature—in the summer season people prefer it ice cold, and some lunatics even put ice into it. If they take it at the temperature of the air, without accompanying solid food, it is



Thomas Cat—You're lookin' mighty swell to-day. Billy the Goat—One of those swell Panamas just blew over de fence an' I gathered it in.

probably speedily absorbed without going through the complex processes of gastric and hepatic digestion. If, on the other hand, it be taken ice cold, it at once coagulates and the stubborn casein in it sometimes requires hours for digestion; this latter is invariably the case when it is accompanied with solid food. Many a man and woman has died through drinking freely of feed milk on a hot summer's day. Adelaide Nielson, the beautiful actress, went into a Paris restaurant on the way to the Bois de Boulogne one summer day—one of those broiling, blistering, steaming days of which in Paris they have so many, and of which we hear so little. She ordered a glass of feed milk; she did not sip it—against the advice of her companion, she drank it rapidly, and followed it with another. In a few moments she was dead.

Eheu! She was a fine actress and a very beautiful woman. They show you the room in which she died. They even point out to you the lounge on which she yielded up her last breath. "Yes, monsieur. Yes, madame. Voilà!—that is the place where the beautiful actress Anglaise have died. She was very beautiful, very gentle. Oh, yes. It was a grand pity. Oh, yes. She drank a glass of the milk—cold, very cold. Thank you, monsieur. Thank you, a thousand times. Good day, madame; good-day, monsieur."

## Norway Point—Lake of Bays.

A cozy cottage with a lofty height. Overlooking isles that gem the "Lake of Bays."

Gathers around it many memories bright With richly restful and refreshing days. Here, freed from the routine of toil and care, Away from social servitude's control, One skims the lake, or strolls through woodland where Life feels the freshening touch of Nature's soul.

Here we inhale the healthful highland air, Scented with cedar and with pine-wood balm. While laughing waters dance 'round islands fair, Or mirror sky and shore in silvery calm.

Here Nature's unspooled charms reveal the view of dense woods, mantling isles, and sloping shore, While sky and woods and waters change their hues, Of varying lights and shades for evermore.

Here, with the hum of willing work or play, Blinds the soft lap of wavelets on the bay, And here the boatman hurries down the bay As the storm gathers and the thunders roar.

Here, too, while anglers capture with their wiles Plump, speckled beauties from the lakes and streams, The huntsman through the forest sees And longs for Autumn to fulfill his dreams.

Here, drawn from different homes and sundered wide, Friends meet long known, or never known before, While with the pleasures that too brief abide, Blend those that will continue evermore.

—W. H. Porter.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

## A Natural Barometer.

"IT is going to rain within six hours," said the man with provoking deliberation. The sun was shining brightly, and only a few floating clouds broke the clear blue of the broad sky. "Rain," said the other, derisively, "and out of that sky? You're a pessimist. You always carry an umbrella."

"I'll bet you a good dinner that it will rain within six hours," the first speaker replied, with imperturbable good nature and gravity. The bet was made, and the dinner was paid for by the man who doubted. It rained in less than four hours.

"Now, if you will come around to my rooms I will show you how I knew it was going to rain," said the prophet, who was with honor in his own country. So there they went. Now, the prophet was an original sort of chap, and had fastened upon the walls of his room many strange things of the sea and forest and field. On the floor were flung skins of bear and deer and mountain lion, and on the wall near a window, stretched from the top of the high wainscoting to within half a foot of the floor, was the greasy skin of a giant diamond back rattlesnake. The prophet pointed to it and said: "There's my secret."

The skin was dripping wet. The sweat, so to speak, stood out upon its scaly back in huge drops, which would swell and swell and silently run together in little streamlets, which in turn would rush down in an avalanche of oil and drops and reach the floor with a splash

like a great tear. Everything else in the room was dry as the humid atmosphere of a city after a thunderstorm would allow.

"That's my barometer," said the prophet. "I killed the snake myself in Florida and had it stripped. The skin is not tanned, but just preserved, like rawhide. I had noticed in some of the coating boats along the Gulf shore little strips of snake skin hung up in the cabin. The captains had told me that they could always tell when a squall was coming by watching this skin. I have had that for three years now, and it has been far more accurate than the weather observer. No matter when the first indications of a storm make themselves felt in the atmosphere, whether it be night or day, summer or winter, the faithful skin shows it by beginning to sweat. If the storm passes off the drops dry up and the skin crisps and shrivels until it is more like sandpaper than anything else. In the winter, of course, the sweat is not so profuse, because the air is drier than in summer."

"Why the snake skin should be so sensitive to changes in atmospheric conditions I do not know. I have asked expert snake handlers and students of reptile life, but they were as much at a loss as I was. I do not know, either, whether any skin but that of the rattler will yield to humidity or not. I know that the Florida boatmen use the rattler's skin exclusively for their cabin barometers. There's something gruesome and mysterious about it, I'll admit, but it tells the truth as accurately as the most expensive glass that was ever constructed; and all it cost me was a bullet from a rifle."

## A Serious Matter.

It is the Duty of Everyone to Look After the Health and Well-being of the Body.

A very great deal is being said and written just now about Consumption and the fearful number of fatal cases which occur in Canada during a year. It is very gratifying to note that so many prominent citizens of our country are actively organized to meet, and if possible to defeat, this monster.

But there is another demon at work in the land whose evil influences are much more far-reaching, and whose fatal consequences are more numerous if the statistics could be shown, than even those of Consumption.

Dyspepsia has ruined more lives than any other disease that has ever attacked the race.

There are very few indeed who have entirely escaped from its painful influences.

Infants suffer excruciating tortures through indigestion, and the days of many an aged man and woman have been rendered miserable by these blighting and destroying influences.

But if the records were investigated it would be found that a comparatively small number of the deaths occurring in our land are charged to Dyspepsia.

This is accounted for by the fact that Dyspepsia, if allowed to go uncorrected, almost invariably brings on some other disease which would never have made its appearance but for the opportunity afforded by the ravages of Dyspepsia.

If the deaths indirectly resulting from Dyspepsia could be shown the number would be appalling.

But no one need suffer with Stomach Trouble. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure it. They have never failed when used according to directions.

## The Joys of Golf.

SARAH BARTLE commended whist above all other games of cards, because it was such a "solid game," writes D. C. Campbell in "Scottish American." Had she known anything about golf she might have placed it above all other outdoor sports, for the selfsame reason. So solid indeed are the joys of golf that they partake more of the nature of substantial and enduring benefits. The old alchemists wasted a great deal of time and money in vain experiments to discover the elixir of life. A number of Spanish gentlemen, headed by Ponce de Leon, went on a fruitless quest through Florida in the hope of finding a fountain whose waters would repair the ravages of time, and rejuvenate the human frame. They might have saved themselves a great deal of trouble. The only true elixir of life is golf. It lengthens the span of human life, and preserves, as far as is possible, one's health and strength undiminished; nay, it not only preserves health but is pretty certain to restore it. If you are weakly, "throw physic to the dogs" and try golf. If it doesn't cure you your case is a desperate one, and you might as well set about making your will. It is the greatest antidote to the inroads of time known to mankind.

The ingredients of this elixir are these: Sunshine, pure air, rational exercise devoid of fatigue, rest of mind and freedom from care, and very generally

## Supply Your Tea-Pot With

# "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea and your tea-pot will supply you with the purest and most delicious tea you have ever tasted. Sold only in lead packets—25c, 30c, 40c, 50c. and 60c. per lb., by all grocers.

'DARTRING' BRAND  
**'LANOLINE'**  
Natural Toilet Preparations.

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A Beverage of Quality

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That's all.

fine scenery, to say nothing of the extraordinary fascination of the game. If you can beat these I should be very much obliged to you for the prescription. A friend of mine, who keeps some Turkish baths, told me that he could always tell the regular bathers. "They look," he said, "as if they had struck more sunshine than the average individual." I was very much struck with the phrase, and although not in a position to give an opinion as to its truth when applied to Turkish bathers, I do know that it is absolutely true of golfers. They look as if they had struck more sunshine than other men, because, as a matter of fact, they have struck more.

## Modern Proverbs.

The good may die young, but the bad nearly always outlive their usefulness. Don't cast your bread on the waters when you might just as well hand it to some hungry one.

Everyone is supposed to know his own business, but it is often hard to convince his friends that he does.

Many a man looks upon marriage as an institution that enables him to put his property in his wife's name.

Nine times out of ten the woman who is worth her weight in gold marries a man who is not worth his weight in scrap iron.

Every time a man runs across a lot of old clothes around the house he searches them, although he never finds anything.

## Averse to Toil.

The life of the tramp in the West is full of horrible possibilities. One was about to receive sentence for drunkenness the other day when the farmer who had him arrested said, "Don't send him to jail, judge; let me have him." "All right," said the judge; "I will sentence him to you for thirty days." The farmer had to sit on his prisoner all the way home to keep him in the wagon, but his

neighbors envied him because he had secured a harvest hand. On a freight train which was wrecked in Kansas fifty or sixty tramps were making their way to Colorado "for their health." The farmers promptly offered them two dollars a day and good food and lodging, but they declined, thinking to "bum" their living. The farmers thought otherwise. They "rounded up" the hoboes with shot-guns and set them at work in the fields, where the women, armed with guns, guarded them. Some amateur photographers who thought the chance too good to miss are said to have had difficulty in getting their subjects to look pleasant.

## Gives Him Pain in the Purse.

"I'm really worried about Charlie," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"What's the trouble?" asked her mother.

"All my care seems to have been in vain. I wouldn't let him play golf for fear he'd get the golf elbow, nor ping-pong for fear he'd get ping-pong ankle."

"Well, he has escaped so far!"

"Yes. But I haven't the heart to ask him to stop playing cards, even if it does lead to his becoming deformed."

"What do you mean?"

"He admitted to me that the poker hands he is getting are extremely painful."

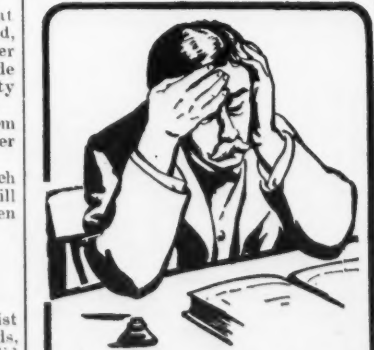
Excited Fisherman (to country hotel-keeper)—There isn't a bit of fishing about here! Every brook has a sign warning people off. What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing? Hotelkeeper—I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was, "Fishing unapproachable."

## Looks Good Tastes Better

Our famous Extra Stout is just the right tonic for the weak, the run-down or the nervous person. Your physician will tell you so.

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**Toronto Brewing Co.**  
Simcoe St. Toronto



## Headache.

Pain across the forehead or at back of head is dangerous. It slowly but surely weakens the intellectual powers, impairs the vitality and will. Headache is sometimes from the eyes, but more frequently is caused by a disordered condition of the stomach and digestive organs.

Do not suffer. The pain can be cured by the harmless remedy

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

It never loses its effect. Cures by driving out the poison, and does not simply deaden the pain as do so many preparations containing narcotics.

Abbey's in the morning will make you well and keep you well.

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**MUSIC**

A cable despatch states that Mr. Charles A. Harris of Ottawa, the composer of "Toujours," has engaged Sir Alexander Mackenzie to conduct a number of musical festivals in Canada. The order is a large one, but at any rate the visit of the composer of the "Rose of Sharon" will arouse a great deal of interest among the musical community. It is not at all likely, should the project be carried out, that Toronto will be left out of the tour, and I should fancy that Sir Alexander Mackenzie will not find his reception wanting in warmth. By the way, if Mr. Harris is going to give a musical festival here, he might apply for that \$1,000 in the hands of the Musical Festival Committee of 1886, and he might secure the co-operation of Dr. Torrington in managing the festival.

A visitor abroad gives the following account of the opera composer Ruggiero Leoncavallo. He says: "Only a short time ago I had an occasion to run across Leoncavallo, and a more jovial fellow well met man I have rarely encountered. There is not an iota of bumptiousness in his make-up, despite his legitimate pride in the success he has at last attained after years of arduous toil and bitter disappointments. Forty-five years weigh lightly on his shoulders, and difficult, indeed, would it be to find a celebrity more cordial or less pedantic, with a greater reluctance to talk 'shop' or a greater predilection for conviviality.

"Checked describes my career," he began when I assailed him, "though every experience has served as a valuable lesson, which I am now turning to profit. I began to earn my living in Cairo, where I exploited my talent as a pianist. There the attention of Tewfik Pasha was drawn to me, and he made me his 'maître de chapelle' and passed hours of his time listening to the scores of all his successful operas, for which he had a strong liking, but, unfortunately, and here the composer smiled significantly, 'he had a stronger sympathy for the revolt against the English, and was obliged to take to flight. From there I went to Alexandria, where I was made to feel that my room was considered better than my company, and accordingly I had to decamp unceremoniously, disguised as an Arab. Reaching Port Said, I was aided by the French community there, who got up a concert for my benefit, realizing sufficient to pay my passage to France, and eventually to Paris, which I reached with very little hope and less money."

"And to Paris you owe your success, I presume?" "Indirectly; but, oh! the inhospitality of that great city to one unknown and unaided; the hopelessness of the task amidst thousands of toilers." "And yet you did not lose courage, evidently?" "Once there I had to swim against the tide or sink. I gave lessons at 30 francs a month to other less fortunate even than I, who in turn gave lessons at three and four francs a month."

"The memory of those dark days drew a deep line across his forehead, but his countenance beamed again when he said: 'After the long winter of my discontent Massenet crossed my path, and from that day my star was in the ascendant.'"

"I believe other men of note became your friends," I ventured to remark. "Gounin cadet and Armand Silvestre were among my 'camarades,' and we lunched together every day for a long time, and what a good time that was! I laughed so hard at their continuous round of jokes that I never sat at their table without first having a substantial bite, for I knew there would be more laughter than luncheon, as far as I was concerned."

"What was your experience of Paris after you met Massenet?" "Ah! mon ami, comment vous dire, les souffrances des années! Massenet engaged me as pianist, and I assisted him in rehearsing 'Hérodiade' and other of his creations, and it was at this juncture that I met my great friend Maurel, you know, the well-known baritone of those days. He was a friend indeed. The first great service he rendered me was to produce 'Pagliacci' at the Milan Theater, with a success that made me famous in my own country; but alas! it was a failure in Paris, where my life was one fierce battle for nine years."

"And to what do you owe your final triumph?" "My wife," came the prompt reply, "who fought by my side bravely, with confidence in my future. That is why I dedicated 'Bohème' to her."

Though usually reluctant to talk of his profession outside of the theater, once on the boards it is his very existence. Here one sees in every gesture, every word, every flash of the eye, the born musician.

It was my privilege to attend the first rehearsal for the first performance of "Zaza" outside of the composer's country under his direction. In the most delightful way he complimented all upon the excellent manner in which they had prepared everything for his arrival and grasped the meaning of his inspirations, by giving a pleasant word here and a smile there, but at the same time, in his own tacit way, he changed everything, from the setting of the scenes to the prima donna's smile; and not one, from the manager down to the smallest instrument in the orchestra, but took him good-naturedly, welcoming his criticisms and eagerly grasping at his suggestions. He thrilled the entire troupe with the spark of his own inspirations, and made a proud success of his creation rendered in a language not his own.

"Zaza" is the musical expression of human passions freed from the stilted phrasing, the conventional monotonies of the old stage methods, and withal the music pleases the ear, is full of melody, harmonious and seductive.

Leoncavallo has an imposing appearance, despite his double chin and tendency to be aldermanic. He has an abundance of hair, somewhat peppered, and a moustache turned "à la Guillaume II," a merry twinkle in his piercing, expres-

sive eye, and reminds one of Ernest Rossi.

The approaching visit of some of the Westminster Abbey choir boys makes it appropriate to publish the following particulars about the Abbey youngsters. There are twenty singing boys in Westminster Abbey choir, but only twelve of them are full choristers. Their ages are from nine to ten and a half. Dr. Frederick Bridge, the Abbey organist, refusing to admit any boy outside of these limits. The boys live within the precincts of the Abbey in a choir-house which enjoys the distinction of having once for a time been the dwelling-place of William Pitt. They are in the care of a schoolmaster, who, with a housekeeper (some years ago it was the schoolmaster's wife), looks after their intellectual as well as their bodily welfare. Rehearsals of the service music are held every forenoon, on week days, for an hour. The lads then go to their other studies. Afternoon musical study is devoted to practices of intervals, scales, chanting, responses, songs, and secular music. As can well be imagined, physical culture is not neglected. The New York "Tribune," which gives the above information, adds that for centuries the ranks of England's musicians, creative as well as interpretative, have been largely recruited from the choirs of the Chapel Royal and the cathedrals. Some years ago Sir George Macfarren gave the following opinion: "A cathedral choir is the best cradle for a musician; our country affords it. I say this from a conviction, many times confirmed, that, as an average, by far the very best practical musicians—those I mean, whose musical readiness gives them the air of having music as an instinct, or a second nature; those who are ever prompt with their talent to produce or to perform without preparation, at the requirement of the moment; those whose ears are quick, whose wits are sharp, and whose utmost ability is ever at their fingers' ends—are they who passed the infancy of their art in one of our ecclesiastical arenas for constant practice. The very early habit of hearing and performing music stimulates the musical sense, and gives musical tendency to all the youthfully supple faculties which bear upon the use of this sense. The habit in almost first childhood of associating sight with sound, written characters with uttered notes, the office of the eye with that of the ear or the voice, which is the ear's agent, does more in favorable cases to develop some of the essentials in an artist than can be accomplished by the unremitting study of after-life."

Sonzogno, the Milan publisher, offers a prize of \$10,000 for the best score of a one-act opera, the contest to be open to composers of all countries. It was at a similar competition it may be remembered, that Mascagni won wealth and fame with his "Cavalleria Rusticana."

It is curious how mistakes are repeated over and over again. Grove's "Dictionary of Music" states that a relative of Joseph Labitzky, the famous composer of dance music, is living in Toronto, Canada. The New York "Evening Post" of last Saturday says: "One of his sons (Joseph Labitzky's) lives at Toronto, Canada." The fact is, Labitzky, the violin soloist of Toronto, has been dead for many years, and I understand that he was a nephew, and not a son, of the great dance composer.

The "Ladies' Realm," a smart London society journal for women, covered itself with endless ridicule by publishing an account of the coronation in June, which never took place, with a criticism of the gala night at the opera, which also never took place. The article was signed "A Daughter of a Peer." The notice of the opera was inexcusable, as the daughter of a peer slates the chorus, sneered at Jean de Reszke and Melba, and said that Caruso was a distinct disappointment. History repeats itself, for it appears that forty years ago a performance was advertised at Covent Garden of Verdi's "Traviata." The "Morning Herald" of the next day said that the opera achieved one of the most remarkable successes of the season, and that Mme. Bosio, the prima donna, never sang so admirably on any previous occasion. Moreover, Signor Mario surpassed himself, and the recalls for the couple were numerous. The next day the "Morning Herald" published an editorial comment admitting that the performance of "Traviata" criticized in its columns had been postponed, and adding: "We are compelled to confide in the honor of our reporter in all such matters, and therefore we have felt it to be our duty to at once dispense with the services of the writer of the pretended critique."

It is worthy of note that the Hon. Arthur James Balfour is the first musical Premier Great Britain has had. According to the "Musical Times," Mr. Balfour is a great lover of Handel's music, and never loses a chance of hearing a lesser known work of the master. About thirty years ago he contributed a not inconsiderable sum towards a performance in London of "Belshazzar," and on one occasion he made a special journey from Whitehall to Glasgow in order to attend a performance of "Athaliah." He has, it is said, a fine collection of Handel's works, and as one of the committee of the Handel Society during the first ten years (from 1882) of its existence, he took much interest in its operations. The early rehearsals of the society were, in fact, held at his house in Carlton Gardens, and he suggested the revival of some of the practically unknown oratorios concerning which he is so enthusiastic. He contributed a very excellent article on Handel to the Edinburgh "Review" of January, 1887, which subsequently was republished in a volume of essays. He greatly admires Bach, and evidently sees something in the Wagner operas, as he has been more than once to Bayreuth.

Sir Walter Parratt, the Master of Music at the court of the King, is a native of Huddersfield, and the son of a musician. In 1882 he was appointed organist at St. George's, Windsor. He now lives at a delightful old Tudor house in the lower ward of Windsor Castle. It is said that in the room overhead, now the Chapter library, there took place before Queen Elizabeth the first reading of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Sir Walter's house is full of interesting musical treasures, including the jeweled baton presented to him by Queen Victoria. He has among the other duties of his busy life the charge of the musical library at Buckingham Palace, where

in a strong room repose eighty volumes of Handel's works in the composer's own handwriting.

"Gentlemen," said a German professor who was showing to his students the patients in the asylum, "this man suffers from delirium tremens. He is a musician. It is well known that blowing a brass instrument affects the lungs and the throat in such a way as to create a great thirst, which has to be allayed by persistent indulgence in strong drink. Hence, in course of time, the disease you have before you." Turning to the patient, the professor asked: "What instrument do you blow?" and the answer was: "The violoncello."

The London (Eng.) "Daily Telegraph" of July 8, 1902, has the following: "During Mr. Watkin Mills' recent visit to Winnipeg he was consulted as to the holding of a musical festival in that far-away city. Naturally enough, he approved the project, and it is possible, says the local 'Daily Tribune,' that next time he appears in Winnipeg it will be in some fine work, such as the 'Messiah,' 'Creation' or 'St. Paul.'"

Unlike most Germans of his day, Richard Wagner had sense and courage enough to refuse to fight a duel. At his request, the manager of the Dresden Royal Theater produced, in 1846, his friend Heinrich Laube's play, "Die Karlschule." But when Wagner heard this play, he did not like it at all, and expressed his opinion of it so bluntly and offensively, at a banquet to which he had invited Laube and some other friends, that Laube sent him a challenge for a duel the next morning. The seconds were Schneider, and the poet, Alfred Meissner, in whose unpublished memoirs this anecdote is related. Wagner, whose sense of humor never deserted him, received the challenge with the words from "Faust": "Heinrich, mir graut vor dir." When Meissner insisted on an answer, Wagner retorted: "Why, certainly. But I hope my dear Heinrich will, before he shoots me, give me time to complete my opera 'Lohengrin' after that we'll fire away." "Look here," friend Wagner, a duel is not child's play, but a very serious, important and risky affair." "No," said Wagner, seriously, "a duel is a foolish thing, and I do not participate in foolish things—tell that to your friend Laube, the great poet, and greet him cordially from the little composer, Wagner." Then he invited the seconds to stay to breakfast. CHERUBINO.

#### Mahometan Women.

THE fact that all Turkish women must dress alike in the streets gives rise to the impression of a sameness of character that does not in the least exist among them," says Mary Mills Patrick, president of the American College for Girls in Constantinople. "A superficial observer who meets these veiled figures in public places, shrouded in a mysterious costume that suggests great possibilities of beauty behind it, may wonder indefinitely what kind of a life these figures really lead, without any clue to the solution of the problem. Yet life in Turkish society is as real and varied as in America, and often far more dramatic.

"There are decided types among Turkish women. There is the butterfly, who lives for pleasure; the domestic woman, and even the strong-minded woman, and, in addition to these, a class exists not found in America, the women who belong to court society.

"The butterfly is often a Circassian woman, and was perhaps brought to Constantinople to be sold to the highest bidder, and throughout all her childhood was taught to look forward to a possible life at the capital, to be made gay and bright, with plenty of money and flirtation and social success. She has, perhaps, the bright blue eyes and golden hair that are so rare among the Turks to give her the place of eminence that she desires. Because of her beauty her husband showers her with presents and fills her life with pleasure. Her eye-lashes and eyebrows are painted, but very noticeably, and diamonds and gold beautiful stones flash from her hands, her wrists, her neck, and her hair. The dress which she wears under her street robe is from Paris, and her shoes are low, even in winter, with pointed toes and very high heels.

"When she goes out she is accompanied by several servants and one or two eunuchs, to look after her comfort, and she drives in a beautiful private carriage drawn by Arabian horses, and has carte blanche in the shops to make as many purchases as she wishes of silks and satins and jewelry. When her blue eyes fade and her bright hair grows gray, will her power wane and her place be given to another? Perhaps not. That will depend on the characters with which she has to deal, the number of sons that she has, and her ability to keep the ascendancy that her beauty has gained for her.

"The domestic Turkish woman presents a great contrast to the brilliant creature that we have just described. She is rather large and stolid-looking, careless as to her dress, and of a simple and amiable character. She has a very easy life compared with that of her American sisters. There is not much house-keeping in a Turkish house, and what there is done by slaves and servants, who consider themselves permanent members of the family and realize what is expected of them. Rooms furnished with rugs and divans are comparatively easy to keep in order. There is a chief in the kitchen, who sends his best efforts to the dining-room in the men's apartments, a place seldom visited by the women of the household. Their own simple food is served to them at irregular intervals, when they feel hungry. There is perhaps a French governess to teach the children, who does not like the irregular life of the harem, and an exception is made in her favor, and she dines at the master's table, where the food is served more to her taste. Her apartments are, however, in the side of the house belonging to the women, which is entirely separate from the other half of the establishment.

"On bright days the domestic Turkish woman takes all her family to some place of public resort, where they sit in the sunshine all the day long, buy sweets of the ever-present street peddler, smoke cigarettes and drink coffee. They never endeavor their nervous system by trying to catch any particular steamer either in going or coming, but start when the spirit moves, and wait at the landing for

a convenient steamer, reaching home early or late, as it happens.

"Let us now turn to that product of modern progress, the educated Mahometan woman. She may be found here and there, perhaps in the harems of princes, or of pashas, or even sometimes in the middle classes of society, although she is not commonly found anywhere as yet. She reads English, French and German readily, with a good pronunciation, having the aptitude for languages usually found with Turkish women. She reads the daily papers, and has decided opinions in regard to all political affairs. The advanced Moslem woman has a private room, instead of living in the rooms with the other women, and in this room are found some unusual articles for a Turkish house—namely, a writing desk, some bookshelves, upon which stand many of the new books of the day, and on the walls hang some really fine engravings.

"She longs to travel, but that is not yet allowed to a Turkish woman, at least, beyond the bounds of her own land. She has been to Egypt and Syria, but that does not satisfy her, and she even dreams of going to Paris and Berlin to work in the libraries there. She scorns the frivolities of ordinary society, and contemplates forming a club, where kindred spirits may discuss congenial subjects, but that has not yet been possible. Her influence in the press is already felt, and one may foresee that she will form one of the elements in the forces that are rapidly changing the conditions of Turkish life.

"Such are some of the phases of life among Turkish women. It is a life that has its romance and mystery, its commonplace side, and its features of progress, and is, after all, only the Eastern edition of the experiences that are common to the women of all nations."

One of the most remarkable advertisements that has appeared in Canada is the enormous electric sign on top of the new premises of the "SALADA" Tea Company, Toronto. This sign contains 1,200 lights, each of 32 candle-power, and automatically spells out the word "SALADA," and it can be plainly seen at night from the middle of Lake Ontario.

#### Antidotal Poisons.

Gus Walters, an ex-soldier, sought to shuffle off this mortal coil in a spectacular way in San Francisco the other day by swallowing a mixture of carbolic acid and whiskey. The would-be melodramatic suicide did not know that alcohol and carbolic acid are antidotes, and awoke some time after he had swallowed the dose to find himself in the emergency hospital. To add local color to his would-be departure from the world, Walters draped his farwelled letter, which he pinned on the door, with United States flags.

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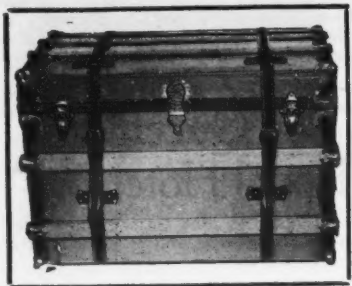
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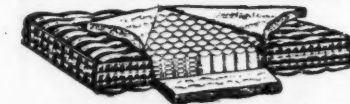
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### Social and Personal.

Mr. Alban E. Ragg has departed for Chicago, where he assumes the position of general manager of the Liquezone Company of that city.

Miss Mae Dickenson, who has been ill with typhoid fever since July 1, has recovered and expects to leave on Monday for Florence Island, near Windermere, Muskoka, to spend a few weeks with Mrs. G. R. Baker.

Mrs. Bewetherick of 198 Jarvis street has returned home after spending ten days visiting Mrs. William Reynolds of Park House, Guelph.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place at St. Michael's Cathedral on Tuesday morning, August 12, when Miss Janet Teresa, daughter of Mr. Thomas Doyle, was married to Mr. Edward C. Corbeau. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The bride was charmingly gowned in white point d'esprit, over white taffeta silk, white bow, and large white Mecklin picture hat; her sister, Miss Emma, was a very dainty bridesmaid, gowned in white silk organdy, large black picture hat, and carrying a shower bouquet of pink sweet peas. Mr. Harry Corbeau of Penetang was groomsmen. Palms and ferns banked the altar rails. The grand high

altar appeared a solid mass of electric lights. The nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Tracey. During the service the "Ave Marie" and "O Salutaris" were artistically rendered by Miss Foley. On the return home from the church a very dainty breakfast was served. The bride's going-away gown was marine blue cloth, white hat trimmed with marine blue and green silk. Mr. and Mrs. Corbeau left on the 11.30 train for the summer home of the groom's father, in Georgian Bay, where they will spend their honeymoon. The bride received a large number of very handsome gifts.

The list of guests at the Royal Muscoka includes Mr. A. Inkster of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Jameson of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. T. Dunn, Mr. J. H. Aylmer, Buffalo; Mr. W. N. Newhall, Buffalo; Mrs. R. T. Smith, Cincinnati; Mrs. J. P. Snyder, Miss Snyder, Carleton Place; Mr. James F. Steen, Pittsburgh; Judge and Mrs. Lount, Toronto; Mrs. M. L. Jackson, New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Sullivan, Marian, Ill.; Mr. A. O. Ackan, wife and daughter, Homestead; Mr. John F. Cox and family, Homestead; Mrs. S. Rhodes, St. Louis, Mr. F. W. Cook and daughter, Evansville; Mrs. Clarence Brown of New York, Mr. John S. Cooper and family of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Robertson, New York; Mrs. J. Clarke, New York; Mr. Andrew Robertson, New York; Mr. William Kromberg and family, Mr. F. Kromberg and family of Buffalo, Mr. George Reid of Pittsburgh, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. C. C. Carey, Mr. W. B. Carey of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Woodman of Franklin, Miss M. A. Robinson of Toronto, Mr. J. A. Paulize of Montreal, Mr. Henry W. Cattell, Mr. H. Kay Messick, Miss Fullerton, Miss G. W. Fairman of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Elebash of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smyth and family of New York, Mr. T. Mellon Jones, New York; Mrs. Robert Wardrop, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McClellan and family, Mrs. W. T. Snyder and family, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Boulton, Toronto; Miss Maud Brennan, Mr. J. J. MacDonald, Miss S. A. Lyman, Misses Brennan, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Phil Dyer, Easton; Miss Mary Miller, Jersey City; Miss Marian Dyer and maid, Easton; Mr. W. A. Warren, Toronto; Mrs. Cross, Toronto; Rev. Mr. Gaudier, Mr. James Hendrick, Albany; Mr. H. A. Seely and wife, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. William Boswell, Cincinnati; Mr. H. L. Hayes, Toronto; Mr. G. P. Jackson, Miss Jackson, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Shaw, Philadelphia; Mr. J. S. Rankin and wife, Chester; Misses Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick, Pittsburgh; Miss Bessie N. Herbert, Mr. W. W. Clancy, Hamilton; Mr. W. L. Ryerson, Barrie; Mr. J. R. Kelly, Rochester; Mr. Thomas G. Morse and wife, Erie; Mr. J. W. Lewis and family, Montreal; Mr. Henry W. Cattell, Philadelphia; Mr. Armand, Toronto; Mr. Ambrose F. Brandly, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Marr, Chicago; Mr. J. W. Brooks, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. Lancaster, Washington; Mr. W. E. Dove, St. Louis; Mr. H. G. Clark and wife, Buffalo; Mr. Steven Hawes, London; Mr. E. Close, Mr. Henry B. Flinn, Mr. B. Hally, New York; Mr. W. W. Fisher, Mr. J. Alexander Baker, Mr. Ingram Baker, Philadelphia; Mrs. M. J. Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. M. J. Campbell, Cleveland; Mr. George Mackey, Mr. E. S. Mackie, Chicago.

### Accommodating Wilfred.

What dire results may spring from purpose pure!  
Wilfred, to please his little sister, Kate, at 5 p.m. locked Michael in the sewer. Then thoughtfully turned on the water gate.  
Now all the building trade is out on strike.  
For working overtime to exhume Mike.  
—Harvard Lampoon.

### What to do With the Jews.

ALMOST as tenacious and inexplicable as the racial peculiarities and general characteristics of the Jewish people themselves are the prejudices and antagonisms with respect to them cherished and often manifested by other people in various parts of the civilized world. One might think that in our day of tolerant and enlightened thought, when the contributions which the Jews have made and are making to science, literature and art, to industrial wealth and financial progress, are coming to be recognized at their full value, that at this time the blind and unreasonable hatred of the race which formerly obtained would lessen and vanish away. And so it has, in a great measure, in most enlightened communities; in others, it seems to remain in full force.

Just now a new anti-Jewish movement seems to be sweeping over parts of Europe, more especially in the East. Fifty thousand Jews have, it is stated, been ordered to quit the mining province of Russia, and to reside within the pale after sacrificing their occupations and their property. In Roumania, also, they are being forced to emigrate by a series of laws which practically deprive them of all means of subsistence. They have absolutely no rights, and live at the mercy of a population which hates them to such a degree that their Parliament has declared all Jews to be foreigners, although they have been resident for centuries. Neither Germany nor Austria will do anything for them, and it seems impossible for Western Europe, which is more tolerant, either to protect them or to find them a new habitat.

The problem, then, what to do with the Jews, appears, from a European point of view at least, to be almost as insoluble as the problem of the colored race in America. One thing seems clear, that it is not to be solved by wholesale emigration or colonization, such as the Zionists propose, any more than the negro difficulty can be cleared away by a like process. The only rational solution now presenting itself in either case, thinks "Ladies Weekly," is that lying through education of the right kind, through development to a higher, broader, more tolerant and humane plane of life and thought for all classes concerned; a slow process, it is true, but apparently the only one that holds out any promise of success.

### Ungenerous Winners and Bad Losers.

GENTLE READER—as the old-school editorial used to address you—have you ever played checkers with an opponent who, when he had gained a slight advantage over you in the number of pieces, trailed one for one, mercilessly, until he had brought your ratio of strength to a point where



your defeat was inevitable? His play was strictly according to Hoyle. You could not frame a non-demurrable complaint against him. And yet you raged inwardly against his policy and called it unsportsmanlike.

Well, there are people who play the game of life in that same way. Many of them are very respectable people, too, go to church every Sunday, treat their families kindly and obey the law. They are very companionable, jolly fellows, often, but beware of them in any little game of business or politics. Don't let them crowd you into a corner or get the better of you by one piece or obtain a chance through your negligence to slip a king into the square between two of your pieces. Don't endorse any little notes for them or go on their bonds or make oral contracts with them or work with them or for them without having had a definite understanding, provable by witnesses and writings, concerning your share of the profits or spoils.

They will not cheat you any more than old Shylock would have cheated Antonio, but they will have the full amount of their bond, though it cost your heart's blood. They will stay within the limits of the law and will give you justice, but if you cry to them for mercy you will waste your breath. They will take advantage of technicalities, and they will laugh at appeals to their generosity. "Business is business," they will say. "There is the letter of the bond." There can be no withdrawing a move once made when they are in the game.

This policy is very exasperating to the losing player, whether the game be checkers, business, politics, high finance, diplomacy or anything else, but, after all, it is perfectly fair. It is nature's own way of playing the game of existence. Readers of Huxley recollect his famous illustration of the struggle of existence as that of a man playing chess against an automaton which never makes a misplay and never overlooks one committed by its opponent. If we look without prejudice we see that Shylock was in the right. Whatever generous impulses we may have, we have no right to grumble because another holds us fast to the terms of our contract or the rules of the game.

Meaner than the checker-player who trades one for one when he has more pieces than his opponent is the man who always asks odds, who whines for mercy, who will not take his medicine like a man, who is willing enough to play, but weak-hearted when the game goes against him. We like to see a man generous in victory, but we admire far more the man who is game and patient in defeat. Men despise an exacting, hogish winner, but a whimpering loser disgusts them.

### Then and Now.

How things will evolve and turn.  
As march the decades slow!  
Our fathers wore three-cornered hats  
A hundred years ago.

But that was in the by-gone days.  
And time has changed all that.  
Each man himself is cornered now  
To get his wife a hat!

—Smart Set.

### Too Bad For Them.

"Great brimstone!" howled his Satanic Majesty.  
"What is it?" and the minor demons trembled.

"Here comes Tracy with the ghost of his 30-30 Winchester!"

"—111—1111—1111!"  
The ensuing scene beggars description. His Satanic Majesty crawled into a red-hot bomb-proof safe and the population of Sheol fled to the hills to wait for the dread apparition to pass by.—San Francisco "Bulletin."

### Golf and Stained Glass.

THE aesthetic portrait painter and the enthusiastic golfer sat before a blazing wood fire in the lounge-room of the country club. Having nothing in common they had tried in vain to entertain one another, and were now at a conversational standstill. A burst of sunlight streaming in through the stained glass window bathed the men and all about them in a flood of red, white, blue and yellow, causing both to look up, and giving the artist an inspiration.

"Did you ever follow up the evolution of the stained glass window?" he asked.

"No. I can't say that I ever did," replied his companion, bored but resigned. "Well, the art in its inception dates back to the reign of Caligula, A.D. 37, but up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the colors were laid on with paints for the most part. Since the discovery of the art of staining glass by the use of chemicals while in its molten state, and of other modern processes used in connection with it, the making

Jim Dumps' good wife had oft been heard  
To vow she'd have that one "last word,"  
And she rejoiced to win, of course,  
Until the day Jim first ate "Force!"  
Now she can force no fight from him,  
For "Force" has made him "Sunny Jim."

## "FORCE"

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makes a dyspeptic forget his stomach.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

"I have tried several packages of 'Force' and think it the best and most nourishing food one can take. It is specially good for indigestion. I shall recommend it to my friends."

(Name furnished on application.)



of stained glass has taken tremendous strides, opening up an entirely new field for the exercise of artistic genius which is being generally taken advantage of. For instance—

"No. I never thought of that," interrupted the golfer, "but, you know, the game of golf dates back to—"

"Oh, golf be hanged!" exclaimed the artist, impatiently. "You don't seem to think of anything else."

And he went out to admire the beautiful October landscape, while the other man started to find someone who would play nine holes with him, muttering as he walked along: "Golf is a darn sight better fun than stained glass, anyway."

### Rockefeller's New Hair.

THE Chicago "Record-Herald" declares that a new growth of hair adorns John D. Rockefeller's head.

A few months ago, the multi-millionaire lost every hair on his head, lost his eyebrows, his moustache, became as bald as the mirrors in his drawing-room. He was extremely sensitive about his remarkable lack of hair. To wear a wig would have been to reduce infinitely the chance of growing new, true hair of his own. He suffered from what the dermatologists call "alopecia areata." The dermatologists call the soft, downy hair that now decorates his head "lanugo," from the Latin lana (wool). Usually when this much-desired "lanugo" appears it is white. So when the bald spots in which it springs are small it gives the patient's head a strangely mottled or piebald appearance, as contrasted with his natural hair, which may be black or brown or red. But Mr. Rockefeller's head is not piebald; it is covered with silky, white hair. Soon, if it thrives and grows, it may become pigmented. The only discouragement about the growth of the silky hair is that in persons over fifty years of age there is no certainty that it will flourish. Many cases have been known of "alopecia areata," where the hair has revived and has become pigmented with the old-time colors. But these cases have been, in nearly every instance, in persons under fifty, and generally under twenty years of age. There have been a few rare cases in people more than a half century old where the delicate hair has become stout and healthy, and grew until death.

### An Athletic Fallacy.

COMMENTING on the recent defeat of Walter J. Travis, the golf champion, by Louis Napoleon James, the New York "Evening Post" says: "With all friendly feeling for Mr. Travis, most golfers will rejoice in his defeat. It is only human nature to wish to see a tradition of invincibility broken, and for three years past Mr. Travis has been invincible. He was and is the finest example of what are called the older players—that is, those who had reached full maturity before handling the driver or the iron. It was felt, and justly, that the younger players, who had learned their full swings during the flexible period of boyhood, must very soon assert their superiority. This has been done by Mr. James, a Western player. But Mr. Travis has not fallen before demonstrating the hollowness of several athletic fallacies. It is often said that, athletically, it is all up with a man beyond thirty who has not previously been an athlete. Proverbs to this effect abound. It is said, for example, that a man may ride beyond thirty, but never acquire 'a seat,' and in general the man of thirty as a beginner in sports has about the consideration that Dr. Johnson gave to the preaching woman. Mr. Travis, by learning a very difficult game, beyond the fatal year, and by carrying off for three years running the championship honors against all comers, has done much to command himself to his contemporaries—even to those who by no means covet distinction on the links. It is a comfort to have those wretched proverbs about the thirtieth year disproved."

### Do Tobacco and Cheese Cause Cancer?

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to there is none more justly dreaded than cancer, a painful and lingering disease for which no adequate remedy has yet been found. It will be remembered that in an address before a medical congress a year or so ago, King Edward of England expressed the hope that a diligent effort would be made to discover some means of checking this dreadful malady. Recent investigations point to the conclusion that one of the causes of cancer is improper food and drink. That cancers of the lips and mouth are caused by excessive smoking is now a fact established by the case of General Grant and others, and it has been intimated that certain vile-smelling foreign cheeses for which some fashionable people profess to have a great lik-



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ing. So far as the malady is traceable to causes like these the remedy to be applied is simple and easy, viz., to smoke moderately, if at all, and to let all mouldy and decayed articles of food alone, no matter if gourmets pretend to like them.

### Regarded in Different Ways.

That one can obtain more favors by "jolly" than by being brusque is just as true as "one can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar." The New York "Tribune" cites a case in point:

Two young men employed by the New York Life Insurance Company have lived in a boarding-house in West Twenty-third street for some time, and one has the reputation of being a "jolly" fellow, while the other is quick spoken and of a bearish disposition. The young men are friends and usually breakfast together. Their respective standings in the estimation of the dining-room maid may be judged from the way in which that damsel shouted their orders—both had requested steaks—down the dumb-waiter shaft recently:

"A nice beefsteak, a trifle rare, for Mr. Wood. Some meat for Baldwin."

### The Lobster Hatchery.

Nature grim, in remorseless mood,  
Undoes the work that she has done,  
And out of every lobster brood  
Slays ninety-nine and keeps but one.

Art stretches o'er the horrid scene  
Her skillful and remedial sway—  
And when I speak of "Art," I mean  
The Fish Commission, U. S. A.

It takes the tender lobsterlet,  
And gives him food and kind advice,  
Changes his boots if they are wet,  
Brushes his hair and makes him nice.

And lo, this baby of the sea  
In gratitude begins to thrive;  
Where one per cent. it used to be,  
Fifty, all fat, remain alive.

O noble work, heroic, grand,  
Her skillful and remedial sway—  
Those little hisping lobsters, and  
Keeps them for me and mayonnaise.  
—London "Chronicle."

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
Burd—Aug. 3, Blind River, Mrs. (Dr.) W. S. Burd, a daughter.  
Lugadin—Aug. 6, Toronto, Mrs. A. E. Lugadin, a son.  
Forster—Aug. 6, Fergus, Mrs. J. A. Forster, a son.  
Richardson—Aug. 10, Toronto, Mrs. Chas. F. Richardson, a daughter.  
Bingham—Aug. 12, Hamilton, Mrs. (Dr.) Bingham, a son.  
Plewes—Aug. 8, Toronto, Mrs. David Plewes, Jr., a son.  
Clouse—Aug. 12, Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) Elias Clouse, a son.

Pridham—Aug. 12, Toronto, Mrs. W. S. Pridham, a son.

### Marriages.

Ferguson—Ronan—Aug. 5, London, Eng., George Tower Ferguson to Ellie Davidson Ronan.  
Calder—Skinner—Aug. 6, Guelph, Alexander Gollan Calder to Marion Hope Skinner.  
Bragg—Clemens—Aug. 6, Bowmanville, Thomas George Bragg to Mary Violet Clemens.  
Barber—Tennant—Aug. 9, Toronto, Rev. James Barber, M.A., to Adelaide Tennant.  
Overholt—McLay—Aug. 9, Woodstock, Arthur M. Overholt, M.A., to Bertha E. McLay.  
Griffith—Hutchins—Aug. 12, Toronto, Charles Albert Griffith to Mabel Hutchins.  
Lee—Cromelien—Aug. 12, Toronto, Col. J. G. C. Lee to Maud Cromelien.  
Brown—Ellison—Aug. 12, Brampton, John C. Brown to Annie Ellison.  
Middleton—Stanley—Aug. 12, East Zorra, Augustin Noverre Middleton to Hattie Stanley.

### Deaths.

Nimmo—Aug. 7, Toronto, Alexander Nimmo, aged 56.  
Dean—Aug. 9, Toronto, Mrs. Fred Dean, aged 85.  
Belding—Aug. 9, Toronto, Reginald Wallace Belding, aged 16.  
Bray—Aug. 8, Walkerton, Josiah Bray, aged 82.  
Alexander—Aug. 9, Toronto, Helen Alexander, aged 81.  
Flanagan—Aug. 8, Toronto, James Flanagan, aged 41.  
Goulding—Aug. 9, Toronto, Mary Goulding, aged 83.  
Hopkins—Aug. 9, Port Colborne, Samuel Joseph Hopkins, aged 62.  
Milligan—Aug. 10, Toronto, Mrs. S. R. Milligan, aged 55.  
Quest—Toronto, Benjamin Quest, aged 21.  
Wilson—Aug. 12, Woodstock, Mrs. Bert H. Wilson.  
Wilson—Aug. 13, Toronto, Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson, aged 67.  
Bolster—Aug. 12, Orillia, George Ivers Bolster, aged 67.

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